CHRISTIAN CONQUESTS IN THE CONGO

By JOHN M. SPRINGER

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NEW YORK

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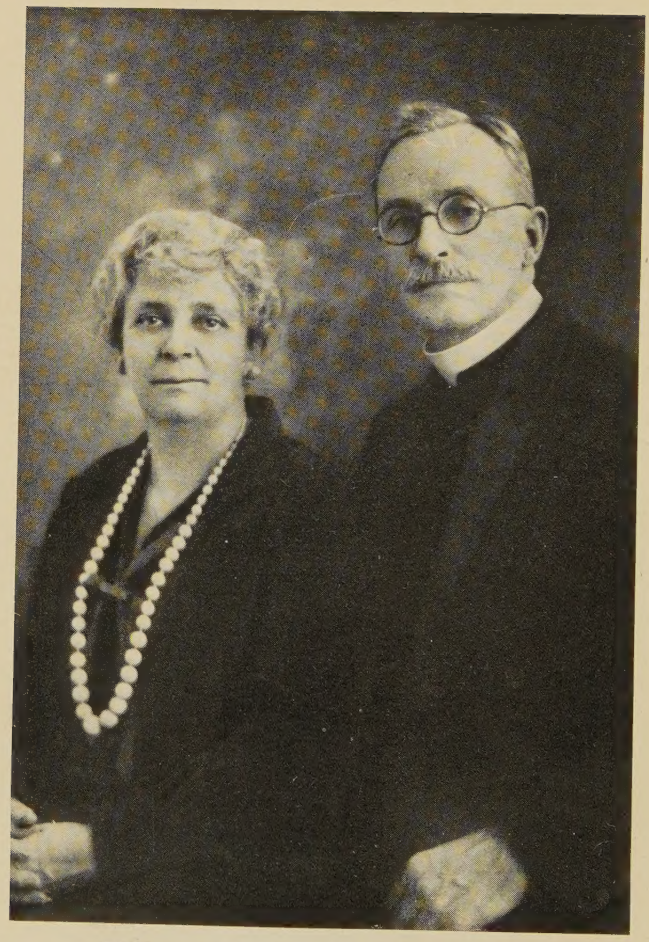

REV. and MRS. JOHN M. SPRINGER

CHRISTIAN CONQUESTS IN THE CONGO

By

John McKendree Springer

Introduction by

Frank Mason North

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To the Memory

OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

APOSTLE TO

CENTRAL AFRICA

HIS LABORS AND WRITINGS ADVANCED THE
EVANGELIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF
THE MID-CONTINENT BY DECADES
AND
HIS INFLUENCE GROWS AND WIDENS
WITH THE YEARS

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INTRODUCTION

THE word that Dr. John M. Springer will tell his countless friends another story about his experiences in Africa has been welcomed by them with keenest interest. To those who have read his books on *The Heart of Central Africa* and *Pioneering in The Congo,* this later narrative of new experiences in the same general field of exploration and work will bring both memories and gratitude. In part this fresh record gives a review of the past, in part it opens wide vistas toward the future. It is seldom that a missionary pioneer is permitted, after years, again to go over the ground and see the results of his own initiative. It is rarely granted to him who in the wilderness clears the land and sows the seed, to view the harvest and appraise the ripening fields.

Doctor Springer is by nature and by grace a pioneer, a settler and a missionary. One follows the record of his journeys across Africa, and particularly in the heart of Central Africa, with constant reminders of the men whose names fill the thrilling pages of African exploration in the past seventy-five or eighty years. There are some of us who cherish the

recollection of the ever-growing section in the home library which made us as boys familiar with Burton and Speke, with Grant and Baker, and the search for sources of the Nile; with Schweinfurth, who also sought the Heart of Africa, and told of it in two solid volumes; with Barth, whose records extended to three great volumes; with Mungo Park and the Mandingoes and the upper reaches of the Niger, in one of the older classics of African discovery; with Cameron, whose trails from northeast to southwest Doctor Springer must have crossed; with Du Chaillu, the picturesque traveler and discoverer; with great Livingstone, who found not only Victoria Falls but the sources of the Zambesi—Livingstone, whose name comes first to the modern mind when men say "Africa"; with Stanley, who found him and for four months shared his visions and his sufferings, and long after opened to the world the Congo—a recollection which is the historic and ofttimes tragic background for those more intimate studies of missionary devotion which have given to England illustrious heroes in the last two generations, and to the church, in which this later explorer is a missionary, such leaders in high adventure as Taylor and Hartzell, and many another ever held in grateful remembrance.

As one reads these vivid pages of facts and experiences, markings in the old maps come to mind. On them is the name "Matiamvo," the "M'wata Yamvo" of Doctor Springer's narrative, known to Livingstone but unreached by him as he made his wonderful journey across the continent to Saint Paul de Loanda. On more than one of these indefinite maps of fifty years and more ago are the magnetic words "copper mines," "malachite mines," the mines which in the history of the development of the church in the Belgian Congo have offered such tremendous opportunity for broad-minded missionary service. There is on Livingstone's map, like the record of a rumor, "Cabango," a name which, as our own "Kapanga," has become the center of an ever-widening spiritual enterprise. Tracings of the earlier journeys of Doctor and Mrs. Springer—for Mrs. Springer, who has been a constant sharer in the enterprise, is ever in our mind as we write—cross or coincide with those of Livingstone's journey and for four hundred or five hundred miles from the Atlantic Coast are identical. Points familiar to us like Melanje, Quiongua, belong to these early missionary maps as they do to ours. The broad eastward reach from Saint Paul de Loanda, which became familiar through Livingstone's journey, was the allur-

ing path upon which Bishop William Taylor believed that the missionaries of the church should make their way to the center of the continent, the path which "the Springers" have opened to our thought in the story of their trekking and their mission stations. The travelogues of the African pioneers are too little known and read. Were it possible to assemble in one volume the fascinating incidents of the missionary exploration of Africa, a book of adventure could be placed in the hands of our ardent boys and girls which no stories now extant could outshine, and in that volume of adventure, the hardships, the courage, the faith, the achievements of the writer of this book and his devoted wife would have a worthy place.

It is not without significance that he has chosen as the title of the book *"Christian* Conquests in the Congo" and that it is dedicated "To the memory of David Livingstone, Apostle to Central Africa." We recall that the title of David Livingstone's first book was *"Missionary* Travels and Researches in South Africa." It was published in 1858. The story began over four score years ago. With all his interest in natural science, in discovery, in the social and moral customs of the people, Livingstone was forever a missionary. These

books of Doctor Springer's are missionary books. They go not only to the heart of Africa, but to the heart of the matter. It is the supreme aim of our travelers, as it was of Livingstone, to bring the person and the message of Jesus Christ to the heart and the life of the Dark Continent. In all this web of circumstance and experience the central pattern is never obscured. However broad the program of reform, however varied the process of approach to human need, there is never a failure to declare that the center of power is Jesus Christ.

One recalls a paragraph at the close of Livingstone's first volume. It reveals the personal viewpoint of that great missionary, and as well, we believe, the controlling conviction of these who have been following in his footsteps in Africa:

"As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended significance, and include every effort made for the amelioration of our race, the promotion of all those means by which God in his providence is working, and bringing all his dealings with man to a glorious consummation. Each man in his sphere, either knowingly or unwittingly, is

performing the will of our Father in heaven. Men of science, searching after hidden truth, which, when discovered, will, like the electric telegraph, bind men more closely together, soldiers battling for the right against tyranny, sailors rescuing the victims of oppression from the grasp of heartless men-stealers, merchants teaching the nations lessons of mutual dependence, and many others as well as missionaries, all work in the same direction, and all efforts are overruled for one glorious end."

Even more than in the previous books the author of *Christian Conquests in the Congo* has been able to describe the actual working of the missionary forces. Organization has its place and he tells of it. New workers are on the ground—he gives generous space to what they have done. Industrial enterprise has modified at certain points the simpler tribal life—he gives ample illustration of the process. Diplomacy in dealing not only with native customs, but with the ideas and regulations of the controlling government—in the case of The Congo, Belgium—is essential—he makes clear procedure and results. There is a dominant religious organization in the field to which the representatives of the Protestant churches are not always welcome—he states the case with examples of principle and meth-

od. The blight of ignorance, the compulsion of group custom, the heart-cry of human need and aspiration, as they disclose themselves in individual life are here as everywhere—he shows how the gospel means life and healing and power.

This book is not a mere footnote in the history of the evangelization of Africa, it is a whole chapter, significant and inspiring.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

New York, June 1, 1927.

FOREWORD

THE Negro is naturally deeply religious. To him the ultimate, the supreme, realities are spiritual. But his age-long quest by nature's light alone has not brought to him assured hope of a better life or of a happy future. There was for him also as well as for the rest of humanity the need of God manifest in the flesh.

In the Native African, even the very rawest and the least civilized, there is a groundwork of clear, positive knowledge of spiritual things on which to meet him, and from which to proceed in leading him out into a full knowledge of God through Jesus Christ.

The African believes that there is a great, Good Spirit who is the Creator of all things. He further believes that man is immortal, and also he is fully aware of the six social laws of the Decalogue. In hundreds of cases where we have been the first missionaries and sometimes the first white people ever to visit a village, we have never failed to get from both the chiefs and the people a prompt, clear, undoubting reply confirming these statements.

This Good Spirit is very indefinite in their

minds as to his personality and whereabouts. Most tribes have a place in their category for current "Acts of God," such as damage done by heavy storms, etc., but to all intents and purposes, God is to them an absentee landlord unrelated to their daily lives.

The question, "If a man die, will he live again" is answered by the African by saying that with the breath, so does the spirit leave the body. "Where does it go?" That they know not. But it is thought that the spirit remains near the scenes of its former life. It is certain that this spirit has not ceased to exist. And even quite remote ancestors and chiefs need to be propitiated. Little fetish shrines are built for these departed personalities. A misfortune, an accident, a toothache may be ascribed to neglect of an ancestral shrine.

Native travelers often build a tiny fetish house for a dead relative and make an offering of meal or beer, wherever they may stop for the night. Spirits apparently are considered as not retaining their discernment and so may be satisfied with poor meal or beer. Likewise they can be scared away by clay images of lions and leopards set at the entrances of the towns and villages to prevent their entering to bring trouble.

Religious acts fill the life of the African. He lives in a realm of dread uncertainty encompassed constantly by malevolent spirits, from the time that he is conceived till these evil spirits finally encompass his departure from this world. His religious acts are mainly in the nature of attempts to appease or to bribe these evil ones.

For disrespect to parents, murder, adultery, stealing, lying, covetousness, etc., the African has terms and he states emphatically that these things are bad. Then why do they not live up to the light they have? Why don't people in Christian lands do so? Many of them have turned to me and said, "Yes, we know that these things are wrong but what about the white people—do not they also know these things are wrong?"

"Yes."

"Then why do they do them?"

The African listens for the first time to the gospel story from the missionary with interest and caution. His mental reservation is: "That sounds well, but while a life of good conduct might be suited for the white man, it would hardly do for us. Anyway, we will see if this man lives up to what he says, and how the matter proves out."

We find on close inquiry that after the very

early days of a mission, the lives and testimonies of the Natives are usually the chief factors in leading others to Christ rather than those of missionaries. They want to know how men in the same condition of life as themselves are helped.

On our out-stations where there is the full swing of the primitive life and in which the witch doctor is the great power, our young converts have a hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of darkness. We have often marveled at their steadfastness and fortitude. No one knows better that it is power of God that is revealed in these converts than do the heathen who are watching them day by day.

Never before have missionaries been more greatly needed than to-day for the training up of an indigenous ministry, for the preparation of literature in the vernacular and for the careful guidance of these young converts just emerging from the darkness of heathen superstitions into the light of the gospel and on into Christian service.

CHAPTER I

TAKING CHRIST TO THE CANNIBALS

KALUWASHI was not a cannibal, nor, so far as we know, had he ever been one. But at the same time he may have been in his early days, for he came from a country where cannibalism is still practiced.

But when he came striding into our mission station at Lukoshi in 1913, he came as a Christian man and as an emissary to the Baluba of the central interior, sent by a group of compatriots in Angola, many of them also Christians. He was to seek for and obtain a missionary for their people to befriend them and to assure to them the blessings of school and church on their settling again within their own tribe.

It was a unique figure that he presented, dressed in his European shirt, coat and trousers, his big boots and a white turban around his head. He was followed by the gigantic Umbunda, who had been chosen by this same Christian group to go with him to carry his load and his chair. These ex-slaves of Angola had chosen him to go as their representative to the Baluba to preach the gospel of Jesus

Christ and to spy out the land and to see if it would be safe for them to return to their native hills and valleys. Regarding the chair which they insisted that he take with him, they said: "You will preach Christ in all the villages through which you pass, and it is not seemly that his messenger should sit on the ground. So you take a chair along and sit in it when you tell the people the good news about Jesus."

Kaluwashi had not been a slave, either. Many years before, when he was but a youth, some Portuguese rubber and slave traders had come to the village where he lived and he had voluntarily hired out to them as a porter, carrying a load of rubber, being actuated by the desire to see the world far beyond his own Lufungoi valley.

After he reached Angola one of the Native men invited him to "sit" in his village as his friend, and he did so. However, not long after, he one day overheard his host plotting to sell him as a slave in exchange for a supply of beer to serve at a garden clearing-bee. He stealthily slipped out of the hut he was in and out of the village and bolted for the nearest mission station, a place that is always recognized as a "City of Refuge" for all who are in distress.

This was a station of the American Board, and here Kaluwashi was led to become a follower of Jesus Christ.

Many of the converts on this station were ex-slaves that had been brought from the interior, and when the new Portuguese Republic pronounced them to be free they wanted to return to their own countries, but realized that their latter state might be worse than the present unless there were missionaries there to protect them.

Kayeka had been in to the interior and had returned with a report that the missionaries to the Luunda people had arrived and that he was taking his family and going back to stay and to preach and testify to his own people what Christ had done for him. So Kaluwashi had been chosen to accompany Kayeka as far as our Mission at Lukoshi in the spring of 1913 and was then to proceed to the Luba country with Umbunda.

He stayed at Lukoshi but a short time and talked often with me about the desired missionary. He always indicated that he fully expected that as soon as he had fulfilled his part in spying out the land the missionary would be forthcoming. His was a childlike faith that asked not how or whence but stepped out boldly on the promise, "Ask of Me."

Kaluwashi trekked on northeast and a month or so later we left Lukoshi and trekked almost due east to Kambove and the mineral fields, a trip that took twenty-one days. Months passed by, and one day as we were busy trying once more to get a roof over our heads before the rains came, there was a shout in the camp, and who should come marching in but little Kaluwashi with the giant Umbunda in his wake.

Sitting around the campfire that evening he told us a wonderful story of his visit to his childhood's country. His father was still living, but the father and all the people there had supposed him dead. They marveled at his story and especially the Christian part of it, and he had to tell it over and over day after day. The word spread and deputations came from long distances and he had to tell the old, old Story again and again till he had a veritable case of preacher's sore throat and lost his voice entirely. Then he told them that he was going south to find me again and to make his report on what he found and saw and of how they wanted a missionary. He himself would remain with me awhile to rest up from the trail and would then start out on the thousand-mile trip back to Angola for his family, and then he would come back again. When

he came back he would be ready for his missionary. He had not a shadow of doubt but that the missionary would come.

I soon discovered to my joy and relief that Kaluwashi was something of a mason, having worked at that trade in Angola, and he was glad to work for me for two months in laying bricks for our main house at Kambove in order to get funds for the trail.

When he left, I told him again plainly that I was not at all sure that we could open work in the Luba country, but that made no impression on him. He was quite firm in the belief that the prayers of himself and the other Lubans would be answered.

Early in 1915 we returned to the United States on furlough, but, as usual, we did not rest or pass the time in idleness. There was the necessity for sending out reinforcements to the Luunda and mineral fields and though we had not forgotten Kaluwashi, these others had to be sent out first.

One sweltering day in August, 1916, as we were in our stifling room in Evanston, we received a letter from Kaluwashi written in broken English but right to the point. He had been to Angola and had returned to the Luba country (having tramped altogether nearly five thousand miles), and he concluded

his letter with the pertinent question, "Where is my missionary?"

I was in bed at the time with an abscessed tooth and a high temperature, so Mrs. Springer read the letter to me and as she finished, she remarked, "That is the faith that moveth mountains." I myself did not feel like moving any mountains or trying to at that time.

Nevertheless, I could not get away from that question, "Where is my missionary?" and a week later on another equally hot, sultry evening, I felt moved to go and see a man whom I had not been able to see previously. He told me that he would give me just ten minutes to say what I wished and in that time he had the story of Kaluwashi. He made no comments nor promises, merely asking if the Board approved, and I referred him to Dr. Frank Mason North, who was the secretary of the Board. I heard no more then, but there was a quietness in my own heart concerning Kaluwashi's missionary.

A month later, the fall campaign opened with a big missionary meet at Muncie, Indiana. A half dozen of us missionaries were present and one of the speakers was to be Doctor North. He prefaced his speech by stating that just before he left his office, there had been handed to him a letter in which was a

cheque for two thousand dollars and a promise that this same amount would be continued four more years. This was for Kaluwashi's missionary.

But where was Kaluwashi? Somewhere north of Bukama in the Luba country. Rather indefinite. In February, 1917, we were back again at Elisabethville in the Belgian Congo, and one of our first tasks was to locate Kaluwashi and open up a mission station in Lubaland. We decided that we would go north to Bukama (the rails had nearly reached there) and then take a steamer on the river down to Kabalo and from there proceed to the Lufungoi valley.

Had we carried out those plans, we would have missed Kaluwashi entirely. But when we reached Bukama, at first the captain of the river boat refused us any passage at all. He said that the boat had been commandeered by the military officers and he could not take us at all as there was no room. Finally he conceded this much: he would take us to Kikondja if we would sleep the one night between on the bridge, as there was no other place for us. That being the best we would be able to do, we had to accept his terms.

On the boat we learned from one of the Belgian officials that the Lufungoi valley was

closed for the time, owing to a scourge of sleeping sickness and that the government was moving the Natives out onto higher levels. In reply to my question whether this official had met a Native from Angola answering the description of Kaluwashi, he suggested that I proceed to some independent missionaries who had settled two days east of Kikondja. Perhaps they might know something about his whereabouts.

At that most mosquito-infested Kikondja port, on Lake Kisali, we found a radio station and an old friend, once a missionary and now a trader. He spent the evening at our camp and brought with him a Belgian who had been out trying in vain to recruit Luba labor for the mines. When he heard our story he said: "Why don't you go to the big Luba chief, Kabongo? That is high, healthy country and the best place for a mission I have ever seen. There are cannibals all around, but there is a big population, and I consider it one of the finest sections I have seen."

These two men both confirmed the reports we had heard that there were some desperate cannibal sections all through that region. Just north of Kikondja, within the year previous, a white man was on his way south with a hundred carriers. He had to camp near a certain

cannibal village one night and in the morning fifteen of his carriers were missing. He was quite certain that they had been killed and eaten. We heard many other equally gruesome tales.

The next morning we made the detour toward the independent mission and two days later were face to face with Kaluwashi. So he went along with us to Kabongo. He also knew of the ravages of the sleeping sickness that closed up the Lufungoi valley. When we got to Kabongo he found, to his surprise, that some of his relatives were there.

The trip was both difficult and taxing. Besides Mrs. Springer I had with me the Rev. Roy S. Smyres, who had interrupted his college course at Northwestern to come out as my secretary for two years. He was a wonderful help to the Mission, and the experience he gained was invaluable to him when he returned to Africa seven years later as a full-fledged missionary.

The trail led upward, but every now and then it dipped sharply into the bed of some stream. We crossed some deep rivers on one of which was a village smitten by the sleeping sickness. Half of the people had died recently and the rest seemed half dead. Even our carriers were glad to get away as soon as we

could find anyone with enough energy to show us the way to the bridge over the Lovoi River, a bridge made entirely of vines and aptly termed a "monkey bridge."

As we reached the higher, clearer altitudes, we ran into a battle between Kabongo's forces and those of Kabwila, one of his subchiefs, whom he had attacked. This was not a cheerful introduction to the district. However, there was no further shooting after our arrival and we passed on unmolested. War, cannibalism, slavery!—these were the order of the day throughout the whole country and had been from time immemorial. These were interrupted from time to time by grim Pestilence stalking through the land in the form of smallpox or sleeping sickness. Human life was cheap; human flesh was common meat. Since it is our duty to "Take the gospel, not only to those who need it, but those who need it most," we concluded that we had certainly arrived.

The nights had now become very cold, but the days were hot and the last long climb to the government poste, two miles from Kabongo's town, was very taxing. As I approached the open door of the humble residence of the Belgian official, I saw that gentleman just sitting down to his lunch. Delighted at the sight of a white face, he sprang up as I said, in my

best French, *"Bon jour, monsieur; mon nom est Springer!"* He rushed toward me, grabbed my hand and said in perfect English: "Mr. Springer! I am delighted to meet you. I hope you have come to open a mission station here."

I fairly gasped at the greeting, but he went on breathlessly, "I know all about you and your Mission. I have just been transferred from Kapanga and there I saw the excellent work of your Mission under Doctor Piper and the others. We need just that kind of a mission here at Kabongo."

I could hardly get a word in edgeways. "Yes," he continued, "this is too big a job for the government alone. We cannot civilize these people as officials. We must have the help of the Missions. Why, I have just come back from a tour of two weeks through the villages and I have seen enough human bones about their ash heaps to make fifty skeletons. We must have the missionary to help us and I am glad you have come. See, there is a house right over there that you can use as a guest house and we will have the chief down here this afternoon and get this matter of a Mission fixed up at once."

All this while I stood in the doorway. Then he came out and placed at our service a store-

house having two large rooms. Here we were quite comfortable during our stay of three weeks.

Naturally, things went with a rush with such co-operation. Kabongo was the most dissolute, degraded chief we had ever met. He had a harem of some two hundred women. When he tired of them, he sold them to others. There was a constant stream of girls pouring in, and of debauched, wretched women going out. To the usual globe-trotter it might have seemed interesting. But to one who could look below the surface it was gruesome and ghastly.

We had never seen such crowds of children. They swarmed around us like flies; they raced along the paths, around, beside, behind and even in front of our bicycles, endangering our lives and theirs at every turn. Hundreds of little, naked, untamed savages. But we recalled that there was One who said of such, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

During the three weeks at Kabongo we got a house well started for the missionary who should come later. The roof was not all thatched or the plastering done, but our constant friend M. Van de Velde said that he would see that it was finished after we left, and he did. And right here let me say that

in most cases we have received only courtesies and kindnesses from the Belgian officials. As a rule, they are exceedingly cordial and not only ready but keen to give us every help in their power.

We left Kabongo early one morning for a three-week trip across to Kapanga by unknown trails, and as we took a last look at the new mission house from the distance we had a profound conviction that God himself had led us to Kabongo to open a mission station in that important town in the center of a large area that was mostly cannibal.

CHAPTER II

CULTIVATING THE CANNIBALS

ON a blazing hot day in the month of October, 1917, the inhabitants of a certain cannibal village a few miles north of Kabongo were terrified at the sight of a white man flying along the trail toward them on an infernal-looking contraption known among Occidentals as a bicycle. To the unsophisticated Native it is uncanny and has always aroused more awe, astonishment, and admiration than the automobile.

A yell of terror and warning rent the air and the inhabitants fled in all directions into the dense forest. They were used to such sudden decamping. Always ready to make or to receive an attack, they are experts in the art of making themselves scarce on the slightest alarm.

One old man was too crippled to make his escape, and as the ghostly white man swung into the village and dismounted within a few feet of him he probably thought his end had come for sure.

"Moyo," sung out Guptill, heartily, giving the customary greeting.

"Moyo," cringingly retorted the victim of a lame leg.

"Why are the people running away?" demanded Guptill. "I am the *Mulungu we Nzambi,* the man of God, from Kabongo."

"Oh!" was the relieved response. He had heard remarkable accounts of the Mulungu we Nzambi. News travels fast in Africa, both by word of mouth and by means of the drum code, which no white man has ever learned, so far as we have heard. It is a wireless method of sending news from village to village and from mountain peak to mountain peak which was very likely in operation when Moses was a babe in his Nilotic cradle.

So this old man knew at once who the missionary was and he at once shouted for the people to return, which they did slowly and a bit shamefacedly. Guptill knew that their alarm was partly due, no doubt, to uneasy consciences over recent cannibal feasts, and they feared that he might be the Belgian official coming to punish them.

When they had returned, he chatted with them without mentioning their unpleasant appetites, and finally told them the old, old Story couched in Native idioms that they could understand, and thus he won their friendship.

Possibly some of these same cannibals soon

after this helped him to build the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Kabongo. This is the way it came about: As soon as Guptill got to Kabongo he did what we missionaries always do, he started a school. There was no other place to have it but out of doors. Kabongo remarked that he ought to have a school building and promised to build one, but, Native-like, he procrastinated. Guptill kept reminding Kabongo of his promise, and one day the chief rolled up smiling.

"Now," he said, "I will give you men to put up a building. They shall begin to-morrow."

It seems that there had been an alarming increase in the number of cannibal feasts, and finally Mr. Van de Velde had called in Kabongo. "Look here," he said, tersely, "you are the paramount chief. You have got to help stop this despicable practice among your people. Send out your soldiers at once quietly and whenever they catch anyone eating human flesh, they are to arrest them and bring them to me."

Kabongo much preferred to wink at the practice, but he dared not say so to the representative of the government, and so he sent out his men and they brought in forty prisoners caught at cannibal feasts. He learned that the Bula Matadi was going to have him keep them for a

whole month as prisoners, and so he saw his way to fulfill his promise to build the school. Every morning for a month, the prisoners were lined up before the Belgian official, who read to them the law and the prophets about those who ate their fellow men, emphasizing his words with flourishes of a hippo-hide whip in his hand. When the lecture was over, the cannibals were put to work gathering materials of poles, palm ribs, grass, etc., and building the shelter to be used as a church and school.

Incidentally, there was considerable suspicion that Kabongo himself had taken part in the eating of a white military officer some years previously but the chief's asserted virtue in that regard had to be accepted on its face value.

In connection with the building of this church, there is an interesting sidelight on Native superstition. Kabongo's aunt tried to prevent the erection of this building, but protested in vain. Finally she came to Kabongo and said that she had had a dream in which Kabongo's mother had appeared to her and told her that if Kabongo built that church to Nzambe—God—she herself would die on its completion. But even this did not hinder him—and the lady did not die.

Guptill was in his element during the nine months he spent up there. He hailed with joy the change from the town, or city, life in Elisabethville to that of the wild Luba country. He had just finished building a large brick church there, laying bricks with his own hands till they were raw and bleeding. Mrs. Guptill also was a good sport, for she had a baby only five months old and the trip up was a formidable one. Guptill made a stout wooden frame and covered it with mosquito-wire netting, such as is used for a meat safe or food storage, and they put the baby in that, tied the box onto a pole, and thus he was borne along, safe from tsetse flies by day, from mosquitoes by night, and from rats and snakes as well.

They passed through several cannibal villages *en route* though they did not know, in all cases, at the time that they were such, but the interest in the white baby eclipsed everything else. These wild folk had never seen a white child before, and they went into raptures over him. They even drummed messages ahead that a white baby was coming, and so the Guptills found great crowds gathered along the way wherever they went. The people wanted to see if this baby were white all over, if he could eat and sleep, laugh and cry like their own children. And many of

them asked why he was not carried on his mother's back, as they carry their children, instead of in that box. The baby played an important part in opening the way for his parents.

At the end of the nine months it was with genuine regret that Mr. Guptill turned the station over to Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Miller, who had been sent out for that work, and returned to the mineral fields again. It was a difficult task for these new recruits, not having the language as yet, to go on with the work already begun, but in spite of the handicaps they carried on. A little incident soon after they arrived greatly enhanced their influence. Mrs. Miller had an aptitude for doctoring and one day it was put to the test.

White clay is used very much there as a face powder and it is found only along the river banks. One day a woman was digging in one of the cavelike holes when the bank caved in on her and when she was dug out, she was thought to be dead. Placing her on a hastily improvised litter, the people took her to the Mission, chanting the death song as they went. Mrs. Miller dug the clay from the woman's mouth and nostrils, and applied artificial respiration; soon the woman was breathing again.

"She has brought the dead to life!" they exclaimed and from that time her influence was greatly increased. She was able to get many more children into the day and Sunday schools, and in every way she saw many changes in the attitude of the Natives.

The Millers had many proofs of the fact that they were in the midst of a raw heathen people. At the village of Kako, on the main path, where the missionaries always spent a night on their way to and from Kabongo, there was a pitched battle in 1918 and the raiders, who were out to capture slaves, came off victorious. They had killed twenty-one of Kako's men in the fray and they stopped and ate these before they burned the village and returned to their own town.

In fact, the government official told the Millers as he had told us, that while he did not have positive proof and could not get such, he was convinced in his own mind that cannibalism was practiced occasionally in Kabongo's own town—suspicions which have been shared by our various missionaries resident there. But in some of the villages from fifteen to twenty miles away cannibalism has been practiced quite openly. The government is doing all in its power to break up not only this horrible practice of cannibalism but also that of

witchcraft. Several government officials have truly stated that in their opinions also the only effective method is through the evangelization and education of the people.

Progress at first was very slow, as the parents seemed to have a superstitious fear of the children learning to read. But gradually the number of children increased in the day school, and in 1919, when the Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hartzler were sent to this Kabongo station, he was able to start a boarding school. He had to limit the boys from any one village to only two. He made an exception in the case of the capital town and admitted several of the most promising pupils from the day school there, some of them the king's sons. Thus he was able to give intensive training to a small and selected group.

In addition to the three R's, he taught scientific and diversified gardening, pit-sawing of logs into planks, carpentry, furniture-making, brick-making, building, etc. Later on he began to use the advanced boys as pupil-teachers for the now very large primary day school held in the afternoon. Mr. Hartzler has given particular attention to the matter of play, introducing clean, athletic games to take the place of the very questionable ones which he found being played. Whatever was good in

their own amusements was of course retained.

Another advance was made in 1921 when Doctor and Mrs. W. C. Berry went to Kabongo. Mrs. Berry is a trained nurse. There were now for a time three families (Millers, Hartzlers, Berrys), as were needed, to carry on the station work efficiently in its three phases of church, school and hospital.

But alas! The Hartzlers' furlough was soon due, and their health demanded that they take their two small sons and go to America. Within a year the Millers had a lot of sickness also and had to leave, so that within a year after their arrival, the Berrys were left alone on the station with all the work on their shoulders. It was a situation to make the stoutest heart falter, but they did not flinch or complain.

They not only continued the church and school work, but with increasing success. Moreover, Doctor Berry set about multiplying himself and greatly extending his medical work. He was the only medical man for several hundred miles in some directions, and his nearest medical confrere was at least three hundred miles away. He realized that he could not serve so large a territory single-handed. So he took some of the most advanced youths on the station and gave them months of train-

ing in dispensary clinics. From time to time he would give them an outfit of medicines, salves, etc., and send them on a tour through the more distant villages. Later he established regular clinics in villages from fourteen to thirty miles away. To be sure, these Native medical assistants were not highly trained, but they had learned how to treat fever, sores, venereal diseases, infected eyes, diarrhœa, etc. Besides the clinics, these youths often held school and always conducted religious services.

Doctor and Mrs. Berry also selected two of the ex-slave women from Angola who were seasoned Christians and gave them a course in midwifery, which was a real boon to the Native women thereabouts.

A number of young girls came to Mrs. Berry and begged of her to give them shelter and protection and a chance to learn. Mrs. Miller had taken in three girls and Mrs. Hartzler others, so that soon there was a girls' boarding school and orphanage combined numbering about thirty.

Progress seemed so slow that at times the missionaries were almost discouraged. But when I made my second visit to Kabongo four years after my first inauguration of that station, I was astonished at the advance that had been made. The children came out to

greet me singing Christian hymns; there was a large and orderly congregation in the church and there was a large group of young people which corresponded to an Epworth League. Mr. Guptill, in his time there, had opened up four or more out-stations, and these had increased, and already there had been a number of genuine conversions among these Luba people.

CHAPTER III

CONQUESTS OVER CANNIBALISM

IT was high noon on May 26, 1925, when we climbed the last of several long, steep, rocky hills under a sweltering sun. Time and again we had to sit down and rest. Once more we were on the trail from Kikondja to Kabongo, this time doing forced marches of about thirty miles a day, and this was the last and hardest day of all. We were *en route* to hold the Congo Mission Conference at Kabongo.

Word had gone ahead of our approach and as we reached the top of the hills, hundreds of men, women, and children poured out of the town of Kabwila to give us welcome. They sang, they shouted, they seized the loads of our carriers and carried them on their own shoulders; they raced alongside and some stalwarts swung under the pole of Mrs. Springer's machilla, which she had been glad enough to get into after the long miles of climb. Thus for a mile or more we had a triumphant procession such as we had never had before, straight through the town to the neat, clean

church in the open square. The pastor had gone on to Conference but had left instructions, and these hundreds of Natives played the part of hosts splendidly. What a contrast to the state of war we had found there eight years before when we had come there for the first time!

Later that same day a similar reception was accorded to Bishop Johnson, Mr. Guptill, and Doctor Morton as they arrived. The welcome was not so much a personal tribute as it was an expression of the feelings of the whole community toward those who represented the Mission of Jesus Christ. In actuality, the honors were for Him.

The Bishop and his party covered over forty miles that day, much of it on foot. It was a peculiar circumstance that kept them behind. Unlike our first trip in 1917 from Bukama to Kikondja, the river boat could no longer get near to the latter place on account of the encroaching sud that is rapidly filling Lake Kisali. So we had been put ashore on this trip at the wooding station for boats on the lonely artificial island of Kadia, fourteen miles from Kikondja, almost in the middle of the lake. It was near sundown and we had no choice but to spend the night there.

The mosquitoes were even worse than we

had found them to be at Kikondja eight years previously, and in addition to these pests there were hordes of rats that used the sides of tents for toboggan slides all night long, to say nothing of running over our beds and faces. It goes without saying that there was little sleep for any of us.

Also we had very little food with us. The next morning the Bishop and Mr. Guptill were able to leave early in a canoe, but the rest of us had to wait till noon and then make the trip under a blazing sun in a large iron boat. There was not a breath of air as we were paddled over the glassy surface of the lake, which reflected the heat back into our faces for four long hours. And when we arrived, instead of having a chance to stop and eat, we found preparations were nearly complete for the caravan to start out. After a hurried cup of tea we were soon on the trail, but it was long after dark before we reached camp and still later when the loads arrived and we got something to break our long fast.

We had been greeted heartily on landing by our old friend, Mr. Faulkner, the trader, who had another trader as his guest. We had first met him in 1907 at Kanshanshi. The Belgian wireless man also was over at his house and so was a Greek. These two and the trader

guest were drinking rather heavily, we were sorry to note. Two young Pentecostal missionaries had come from a nearby station to meet us. We were glad to see them there, for we knew that they had a large and very needy field of work.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when we had finished supper that evening and retired to our welcome beds on the bare ground. We had scarcely fallen asleep when we were awakened by the arrival of a messenger who brought an S. O. S. call from Mr. Faulkner for Doctor Morton. The Greek had been accidentally shot and would the doctor come at once. Bishop Johnson decided that he would accompany Doctor Morton; back they went the eight miles in the night, but by the time they reached there the man was dead. As it had been decided that we should proceed in any case early the next morning, the incident split the party in two and Mrs. Springer, Mr. Smalley and myself went on ahead, Mr. Guptill waiting for the others.

Who was to blame for the shooting of the Greek? John Barleycorn, who is always bent on murder. But this explains why we were at Kabwila's ten hours ahead of the rest of the party. We opened a tin of baked beans and cut our last loaf of bread. Thirty miles a

day on a rough trail constitutes a fine sauce for any appetite.

We were so dead weary that we lay down on the neat bamboo benches of the clean, cool church and had a sound nap before we started out on the last lap of the journey of eleven miles to Kabongo. Again the word of our coming had preceded us and all along the way we were greeted by crowds who came out to meet us, clapping their hands, singing Christian hymns, and extending a hearty welcome. The sound of singing preceded us to the Kabongo Mission station by nearly half an hour, and the Natives there rushed in to the homes of the Hartzlers and of Mrs. Berry shouting, "The missionaries are coming," and as our associates emerged to come and meet us they found hundreds of Natives already ahead of them.

Mr. Smyres had arrived the day before from Kanene, to the south, and came speeding on his bicycle. When he met us and looked over the swarming crowd that had poured out to welcome us, he exclaimed: "Some different, this, from when we walked in here eight years ago! I'll say so!"

Aye, we too were saying so! We were asking ourselves if we were really awake or merely dreaming. It seemed too good to be true.

But the best was yet to come through the days of the Conference as we saw the band of Native workers that had been developed from this very cannibal country and heard their testimonials as to what Christ was doing for them and through them.

The first fruits of the Mission came in 1921, when four local Natives were baptized, one of them being a son of old Kabongo; others of his children—boys and girls—have been converted since then. It is a notable fact that the son who came out first for Christ was one of the first to become a pastor-teacher. There had already been raised up right out of this cannibal soil fully twenty pastor-teachers and medical helpers within a period of eight years. Jesus Christ has transformed these lives and through them is transforming many of the villages from which they came. Mr. Hartzler was wise when he limited the members entering his boarding school to two from each village, so as to scatter widely the gospel seed.

The very outward appearance of these people had greatly improved. During our first visit, Smyres and I had gone to the far side of Lake Boya, which can be seen from the mission houses. It is a charming feature of the landscape. We found one village of forty to fifty

people in the woods, without an evidence of any imported articles of clothing except one small bell and a few beads. The children were totally naked and what little clothing was worn by the adults consisted of monkey or wildcat skins or, in a few cases, of grass cloth. The people themselves had seemed despondent and probably were victims of sleeping sickness. From a purely physical standpoint, the gospel works wonders by introducing hope and comfort, security and cheer, and by promoting industry.

During the Conference a great loss that the Mission had suffered was frequently brought to mind, namely, that Doctor Berry, who had done such a splendid work, had for some mysterious reason been taken to his heavenly home. Doctor Berry was more than a doctor; he was a medical missionary. He was no supersaint, but a practical human being, albeit a human being fired with a love for Jesus Christ.

He was fond of hunting, not for the pleasure of killing but to get meat for the Natives. On one occasion he earned a tremendous reputation for himself. He and Mrs. Berry were on the Lomami River and he went out with his rifle to bag a hippo, hoping not only to get meat for his carriers but also fat to use as a base for salves. Seeing a hippo come to the

surface to breathe, he took a shot at it and it ducked. Soon the head came up again and he fired again, and down it went into the deep pool only to reappear again and again. He fired nine times before the brute seemed to be settled.

A dead hippo will rise to the surface an hour after being killed, and, sure enough, the great hulk of a hippo body came to the surface in due time. But, to the astonishment of Doctor Berry and of the Natives that had quickly gathered about, so did eight more carcasses come up out of that pool. He had shot nine hippos, each with a single shot!

Doctor Berry had possessed remarkable ability to adapt himself to circumstances. When he arrived at Kabongo he found nothing in the way of medical plant and equipment. He had to hold his clinics on his own veranda, as had Doctor Piper on his, and nearly every other doctor doing pioneer work in Africa. Major operations also had to be done in the same place and in the absence of proper means of sterilization, he had to requisition all the pots and kettles from the kitchen in which to boil his instruments. Many a meal had to wait till these utensils could be sterilized again and cleaned before the food could be cooked.

He bought his medical supplies in bulk and

made up his own doses and it was partly to get fat for his salves and unguents that he shot the hippos.

There was no government doctor in all that section, so he was asked to go a five-days' trip to the north to Kisengwa, near the very place for which we had originally started in 1917. He got there all right, but before the baby arrived in the home of the Belgian official, the Doctor was down with fever. He had his microscope with him and took his own blood test and discovered that he had pernicious malaria. He had at hand the remedies usually effective and he had careful nursing by his wife, but when, two days later, he made a second blood test, he saw that the fever was gaining rapidly, and he told his wife that there did not seem to be a chance that he would pull through. "You must not be bitter at my going," he said. "It must be God's will else he would not permit me to go." An hour later he became unconscious and two days later passed away.

Then their Native attendants had to take care of his body and bury it, as Mrs. Berry became unconscious and collapsed soon after his death. Fever had already been on her for hours, but she had refused to give up before. The next morning she was wakened and arose

and dressed in spite of still having a temperature, and went in to the woman in travail and not only helped her through her confinement, but saved the life of the half-smothered baby. Her only assistant through it all was a fourteen-year-old lad named Wambele. He was among those trained by Doctor Berry.

As soon as the mother and child were safe, Mrs. Berry went back to bed and was unconscious for two or three days, while Wambele fairly stuffed her with quinine, the only thing he knew to do for her. When she finally awoke from her delirium she called for a light and was told it was broad daylight. The overdoses of quinine had made her blind for the time, but Wambele had doubtless saved her life.

The Hartzlers had returned to Kabongo shortly before the Berrys left for this trip, and Mrs. Berry had sent messengers off to them at once as soon as the Doctor was seen to be seriously ill. Mr. Hartzler started out immediately on receiving the word and rode the rest of the night attended by one of his Native teachers, both on bicycles. When he would have to stop exhausted at some village, he would get the women to cook him some mush and would sleep while it was being prepared. Then he was soon off again and did the five-day trek

in three days. The record of heroic deeds is not closed. Even the Natives all through that country were thrilled with the courage and heroism of these missionaries.

Mrs. Berry was taken back to Kabongo by Mr. Hartzler, and then she proceeded to Elisabethville and was sent down to Capetown to recuperate. For a time it seemed to Bishop Johnson that she would need to return to the United States, but she pleaded to be allowed to go back to Kabongo, and as soon as her sight was sufficiently restored to put her out of danger of becoming permanently blind, she returned to the Congo, and was our gracious hostess during the Conference, a year later. As she was still having a great deal of fever, she was finally persuaded to go on furlough so as to make a complete recovery.

During the Conference great excitement prevailed when two ox wagons arrived. The first vehicles to penetrate to Kabongo. They came to haul out Native food stuffs. The November following, a motor lorry or truck followed the ox wagons, and so Kabongo station also can be reached by motor car, as could already all the other of our main stations. On our way from Conference we took a different path and had to walk or cycle most of the way to Mato, a three-days' journey, but from

there we went in a fine big motor lorry to Bukama, covering in less than twenty-four hours what had taken Mr. Smyres eight days to do in 1917.

Only eight years had passed, indeed, since we had entered the cannibal country, the first missionaries to reach Kabongo's people. Now there were seventeen medical workers and about a score of pastor-teachers, most of whom had been trained right there at Kabongo. Besides there were hundreds of members, probationers, and hearers.

From June to November, 1925, Mr. Hartzler devoted much time to itinerating throughout the surrounding country. He visited seventy villages in all. In twenty-four of these he was the first person ever to speak the Christian message. And there are scores of other villages still waiting to receive their first Christian visitor.

I sometimes ask children in our American Sunday schools what is the difference between a cannibal and a Christian. The essential difference, so it seems to me, is just this: the cannibal thinks of himself as a terminal; everything and everyone must come his way. In his thinking he is the center of the universe and he is utterly and callously self-centered.

But a Christian is one who, like these young

pastor-teachers and medical assistants from these cannibal villages, has been transformed by believing in Christ and by a living touch and with a personal knowledge of him, and who now gives out of himself to others and for their good. Like him they go forth doing good, showing forth the spirit of him who said, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many."

CHAPTER IV

THE CAPITAL OF MWATA YAMVO

OUR third visit to the capital of the Luunda country was made in our Ford car, which we named "Ophelia Bump." In the last few years the government of the Belgian Congo and private interests have opened up thousands of miles of motor roads in that colony, particularly in this Katanga Province; and these are having a marked effect on the whole of the interior.

The road through to Kapanga had been finished scarcely a week before we used it. There being no service stations along the way, we had to take our supply of petrol, or gas, costing $1.50 a gallon, which left but little room for anything else. Mrs. Springer was with me, and I had a small Native boy, a necessary helper along the way. Fortunately, we had very little trouble on the trip.

Two years previously Bishop Johnson, Mr. Donohugh, Mr. Guptill, Mr. Shields and Mr. Dana had made the first trip to Kapanga in a motor car. They had to build many bridges as they went along the partly opened route.

These were naturally of a tempororary nature and most of them had fallen into decay when the government set to work in 1925 to make this a proper motor road. The distance from Sandoa to Kapanga is one hundred miles, and the last of the eighty-three bridges between, called *le pont de la mort,* was ready for use less than a week before we passed over it.

To us one very striking feature of this trip was that we went from Elisabethville to Mwata Yamvo's in exactly five days, whereas ten years previously it required five or six weeks. And the saving in wear and tear on the missionaries is even greater than the saving in time.

It is interesting to note another fact by way of comparison. When we opened up the stations of Mwata Yamvo and Kambove simultaneously in June of 1913, the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad had not yet reached Kambove. The next year when the Pipers came out it was possible for them to go on a construction train to Guba, thirty-five miles beyond Kambove. From there it took them five toilsome weeks to reach Kapanga. To-day the railroad crosses the Lualaba River at Bukama on a fine iron bridge, and from there turns in a northwesterly direction toward the mouth of the Congo. From the present nearest station one can go

to Kapanga by motor car in two days of hard travel, though it is better to take three days, stopping at Kinda and Sandoa stations *en route.* The building of this railroad is proceeding very rapidly and it seems most probable that before 1928 it will be within a day's travel of Kapanga from the northeast.

At the same time the Benguella Railroad from Lobito Bay on the west coast is being pushed steadily toward the Belgian border. It is already connected up with the Cape-to-Cairo by motor road. This route seemed to offer such advantages that the Pipers in returning to Kapanga in 1926 for their third term decided to come that way.

They took a motor lorry with them from Europe and had it shipped to the railhead on this Benguella Railroad. Then they drove it from there to Kapanga. But as it was overloaded with luggage and gas, in addition to themselves and their two children and a Native, they felt that the experiment belonged to the class of "We can try anything once; but this trip—never again." The greatest difficulty on that particular route is the excessive amount of sand.

However, the railroad will be completed to the mineral fields by 1930, and then there will be only one day's drive north to Kapanga.

For those who always think of vast Africa as uniformly the hottest place on earth, it is worth noting that in coming in by this route the Pipers suffered greatly with the cold. One morning they found their blankets stiff with frost and all the water in the camp utensils frozen over. They were a mile above sea level. We ourselves have seen ice several times in Africa, and once not a hundred miles from Kambove.

As a matter of fact, during our twenty-five years in Africa, living under all sorts of conditions, traveling extensively from coast to coast and at all times of the year, we have had far more discomfort from cold than from heat.

There is another contrast in the matter of travel and accessibility that is interesting in passing. In 1910 to have reached the Luunda tribe to which we had been appointed, the shortest route would have seemed to be from Loanda, or from Lobito Bay. But inasmuch as there was another of the recurrent Native revolts on in Angola, it was doubtful if we could possibly have gone through there at all. It was actually the quickest and cheapest route to go to Capetown and then two thousand miles north by rail and five hundred miles by trail.

With Mwata Yamvo's as a constant objec-

tive from 1910 it had taken us two years to arrive at that capital. And we were the first Protestant missionaries to reach that important center. Two Catholic missionaries had merely passed there two weeks previously and apparently with no intention whatever of opening work.

On our way back to our Lukoshi station from Mwata Yamvo in 1912, we met the first government expedition from Elisabethville to Kapanga. They were proceeding with the transfer to the Katanga Province of this Lulua District previously administered from Boma far to the north on the Lower Congo. The government poste of Kapanga is also the post office. It is situated on the Lulua River six miles west of Musumba, the capital of Mwata Yamvo, near which our Mission is situated.

Let me further briefly recall the early history of this station. Many of our readers will remember reading from my other two books or of hearing us tell how we had felt an impelling, inescapable conviction in 1906 that in returning from Old Umtali in Rhodesia to America for furlough, we must cross the central portion of the continent through the new mineral fields of the Katanga to the Mission stations of our church in Angola, at Malange, and at Loanda on the west coast.

And having seen with our own eyes that immense block of country, including the very richest copper field in the world, in which for hundreds of miles there was not a single missionary, either Protestant or Catholic, there was a further impelling conviction that we must return to that part of Central Africa and open work there instead of returning to Rhodesia, where we had loved the work and had been very happy in the development of the educational policy which we had inaugurated. It was only when in October, 1910, we had reached the boundary of northern Rhodesia, four miles from the Belgian Congo on the north and ten miles from Angola on the west, that we learned why we had been called to this particular field. We learned then that it was because of the prayers of faithful Kayeka, who had been stolen from that territory as a boy and marched as a slave to Angola, where he had heard the gospel, had become a Christian, and then was led out into an effectual praying for a missionary to his own tribe, through twelve long years.

That old slave trail! When Kayeka marched along it as a lad it was marked by the bleaching bones of those who had fallen by the way, too weak or too sick to walk any further. To the unfortunates in those horrible chain gangs,

urged on by the pitiless lash of the slave driver, the trail was one agonizing inferno from start to finish. Yet it was closely along the course of this same old slave trail that the Pipers went back to Kapanga in 1926 by train and motor car all the way. Gone is the old slave trail! Thank God for that! But while we are so thanking him, we need to watch out that some other yoke of oppression and evil is not allowed to take its place, but that they are led out into a true freedom.

That day in 1910, as we heard from Kayeka's lips his strange story of how he had steadfastly held on to God in prayer through all those twelve years, we understood how it was that we were there in the Luunda country and not in Rhodesia, and also why we had not been appointed that year to the mineral fields. Truly, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

While Kayeka was probably the main praying factor in bringing the Congo Mission of our church into existence, he was not the only such factor. In 1925 we learned that Dr. Julia Ferguson, Ph.D., for forty years head of the Huguenot Seminary and also in the later years of Huguenot University College, the Mount Holyoke of South Africa, at Wellington, Cape Province, had prayed for years

for missionaries to go to that part of Africa occupied by the Luunda tribe.

We first met Doctor Ferguson in April, 1910, as we landed at Cape Town on our way to the Luunda country. She had come a distance of forty miles from Wellington to attend some missionary meetings at which Dr. Andrew Murray and others were speaking. She was very cordial in her invitation for us to stop off at Wellington on our way north, and became particularly interested in our program when she learned that we were headed for Central Africa.

While at Wellington we had the very great privilege and pleasure of calling on Doctor Murray in his home. He had retired some time before from the pastorate of the church, but was still an active force in directing the five educational institutions in Wellington, including those which Doctor Ferguson headed, which he had established and fostered.

As we were about to take our leave, Doctor Murray suggested that we have prayer, and with great earnestness of soul he commended us to God as we faced toward the north to make our plunge into that great block of unrelieved heathenism.

After our departure from Wellington

Doctor Ferguson said to one of her associates in a prayer band for missions, "There, those folks are going to the very section of Central Africa that I noted, when making a study of the missionary occupation of the continent, was utterly neglected and for which for some years now I have had a burden of prayer that missionaries should go there."

Here, then, was a supplementary, or an associate pray-er with Kayeka, both burdened for years for the same group of people. One was a highly cultured educational executive in South Africa and the other an illiterate slave in West Central Africa, neither known ever to the other, but both equally open to and responsive to Divine enlistment for service in intercession for God's lost and unprivileged children.

Of Doctor Ferguson's part in our going to the Luunda people, as I said, we learned only in September, 1925, from the lady to whom she made the remark in 1910. We had stopped off at Wellington with Bishop and Mrs. Frederick B. Fisher, who were studying the situation of East Indians in South Africa. Bishop Fisher was realizing a long-cherished wish to visit the church where Doctor Murray, whose writings had meant so much to him, had preached and labored.

After this résumé of events let us now return to consider our approach to the capital of Mwata Yamvo for our third visit in July, 1925.

It was just getting dusk as we left the government poste of Kapanga and turned eastward onto the broad road of Musumba. It had been but a foot trail the first time we came, a bicycle path the second time, and now it was a fine, wide, dirt motor road.

We soon passed the first village, and the children came rushing out to greet us and to sing Christian hymns at the top of their voices. It was a far call back to that day in Lukoshi when we had sat down on some logs in the forest by the side of our tent and with the help of interpreters, had written the first Christian hymn in the Luunda. It was sung to the tune of the "In the Sweet By-and-By," and ran thus:

Munganda ya Nzambi, Mwiulu,
Mwidimi na yele bwati,
Nzambi wasota etu awonso,
Kukwandama munganda yindi.

Chorus

Ovanyi, ovanyi,
Ovanyi, mazhu ma Nzambi
Ovanyi, ovanyi,
Tukuya munganda Mwiulu.

It was neither brilliant nor very idiomatic probably, but it was a great favorite for years.

Now the children are singing other and later hymns. And they sang that evening with such gusto that ere long the girls at the Mission ran to tell Miss Jensen, "The missionaries are coming; we can hear the people singing." But she could not believe that it was possible. The headlights of our car also acted as long-distance signals along that open road far in advance of us. Soon the boys carried the news of our approach to Mr. Brastrup. Like Miss Jensen, he protested that we were not expected to reach there that night, and they too replied: "But listen! You can hear the people singing." And sure enough, he could, though we were still miles away. And when we did arrive, after it was dark, our car was at once surrounded by hundreds of boys and girls voicing their welcome in hymns. The effect was almost deafening.

It had been a long, tiring trip over hilly dirt roads and rough bridges, but Mr. Brinton, who had been over that road many, many times, remarked, "This is the first time I ever made that trip in one day." We ourselves remembered well the toilsome climb on those steep hills and the worse experience of wading those swamps on our previous visits. In popular modern argot, we were impressed that Kapanga was "now on the map."

Another fact was forced upon us and that was that this was an entirely different Mission station from the one we had seen eight years previously, and the transformation that had taken place since our first visit thirteen years before was almost incredible.

Dr. Piper's large, comfortable home was unoccupied, as the Piper family was on furlough, and the residence was put at our disposal as a guest house—another marked contrast to the little tent we had pitched in one of the yards of Mwata Yamvo's town in 1912. At that time we slept on the hard ground, and we had to go to bed soon after dark to keep warm, on account of the cold winds that pierced us to the bone.

On this visit when morning came and we looked over that beautifully laid-out station with its broad avenues bordered with mango trees loaded with luscious fruit, we marveled still more. Was it really possible that this was the same site which had been covered with tall grass and weeds, and in spots with filth beyond description! We saw with admiration the lemon and orange trees, the tufted pawpaw trees loaded with delicious golden fruit, the purple bougainvillæa, the scarlet hybiscus, and a profusion of roses.

For breakfast we were served with some of

the most delicious grapefruit we had ever tasted. Miss Jensen had brought seeds from Saint Lucia and had planted them, and now she had plenty of this choice fruit. The cereal was of first-class rice raised and cooked by her girls. Rich cream came from the herd of cattle that Doctor Piper had bred. We had thought ourselves lucky years ago to get some cornmeal for mush, though it was sour from the Native method of preparation. An American prospector had given us a tin of white flour which proved to be very wormy, but we used it and were glad to get it.

Our hearts warmed with gratitude to God as we visited the fairly adequate dispensary and hospital ward, particularly as we saw the corps of efficient Native helpers who had been trained by Doctor Piper. These were relieving Miss Jensen of a great deal that in earlier days she had had to do herself. We rejoiced over the new church that was being built to seat a thousand or more people and at very little cost of funds from America. The story of how several of the evangelists came in from their out-stations and gave their labor in laying bricks; of the carpenters sawing and working lumber into door and window frames and seats; how the Natives, even heathen chiefs and their people, brought thatching grass

from miles away, all reminded one of the story of the building of the first Temple.

There is a rather interesting coincidence to be related in connection with the building of this church. Two or three other buildings had been used as a church, each a little larger than the other. Mr. Brastrup had been trying in vain to stir up the people to build a really suitable church, and he was almost desperate. The structure they were using was little more than a roof supported by poles. But nothing seemed to move them.

One Sunday he was preaching on the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in tongues of flame at Pentecost. In one of those bursts of eloquence with which a preacher is often carried away and in which he gets his metaphors sadly mixed, he exclaimed, "God can do anything; why, he could send down fire from heaven and burn up this church."

He soon forgot that part of his sermon. During the following week, while he was holding a teacher-training class in the shelter which was used also as a school, there came up a violent thunder shower, and lightning did strike the place and ten of the youths fell to the ground as though dead. He got them all out of the burning building, praying almost desperately for their resuscitation and eventually

they all revived without a burn or mark to show for the terrible bolt that had laid them low. As the Natives viewed the charred remains, they reminded him, saying, "You said that God could send down fire from heaven and burn the church, and he did." No doubt that incident had a powerful effect in stirring them up to give of their time and labor, which was all that most of them had to give.

It was a real pleasure to dedicate the church although the roof was not on. Even on so short notice and with only improvised seats and with the floor rough with lumps of dirt, about eight hundred gathered at the dedication. Mwata Yamvo himself was there and spoke words of fine appreciation of what the Mission meant to the town and to his people. Though he shows no inclination to become a Christian himself, he seems to realize that it is a decided advantage to his people to walk in the Way. He evidently can see that it is the Mission which is binding the Luunda tribe together more than any other one factor in this day of rapidly changing conditions.

The Mwata Yamvo of 1912 died in 1921, and this man was chosen chief soon after. It was very significant that this same Sabbath he earnestly requested that we send some pastor-teachers north to a group of his villages on the

very border of the Luunda and the cannibal Bakete country, where the Natives wear nothing but an enormous knife, which they are experts in using. We were unable to promise an early response to this request. Even this heathen chief recognizes the value of missionary work that has been done, and he realizes that the security and salvation of his people along the wide motor road that he is extending to the north under the direction of the government will depend largely on the evangelistic and educational work carried on by the Mission and its Native Christian pastors.

CHAPTER V

INDIGENOUS CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP

MY visit to the Luunda district was in my capacity as mission superintendent of the Congo Mission Conference. We had spent a week end at Mr. Brinton's station at Sandoa. In 1922 he had taken his family onto the veld, where he had cleared a site for the mission, started gardens and fields, opened roads and built four major and a score or more of minor buildings.

Practically all of this work was done with resident boarding pupils of the school that he started at once with youths and married men who came to him from the immediate vicinity, many of whom were Bachokwe. At the time of our visit several of these had already been placed in charge of out-station schools in response to the urgent appeals of chiefs and people, despite the small preparation they had had.

Mr. Brinton was district superintendent and in that capacity accompanied me on this trip. He also had charge of two of the circuits on his district besides that of this main station, where, in the midst of multitudinous

duties and calls, he was actually conducting a training school, teaching the Bible classes himself through the forty or more weeks of school each year.

He had already translated and published the four Gospels and Acts in the Luunda and was pushing as rapidly as possible the completion of the New Testament. He was doing some translation work into the Bachokwe as well.

Mr. Brastrup was in charge of the Kapanga station and circuit and also had a Bible Training School, which had been started by Mr. Brinton in 1917. He had succeeded in putting up adequate dormitories for these men with almost no funds from abroad, depending on local labor and on that of the students themselves.

For our subdistrict meeting, he was able to assemble only fifteen of his twenty pastor-teachers, the others being too far away to be reached in the time available.

With the exception of Kayeka, the first Native helpers in the Luunda country had all been from other tribes. Gradually these had been moved from this to other circuits, and it was with very great joy and satisfaction that, on asking these fifteen young men as to their origin, I learned that they were all Aluunda from the nearby towns and vicinity.

Here was an indigenous ministry raised up on the spot within eleven short years since the first missionary had settled here and thirteen years since our first visit.

Very interesting were their replies to my inquiry as to what and who had caused them to become Christians. First I called on Chimbu, who, although a leper, was the acknowledged leader of the group. He said: "I remember your first visit here in 1912. I was a small lad and with some of my playmates, I stopped at one of your meetings to hear the singing. As we returned to our play I said to the others: 'Those are wonderful words that the white man has spoken, but they cannot be true. It cannot be that Nzambi, the great Good Spirit that we all know made the earth, is really interested in us and loves us. Those white people must be great liars.'" In his boyish, heathen estimation, the "Good News" was too good to be true.

But when Doctor Piper arrived, Chimbu promptly applied to him for work and was hired as a goatherd. Later he advanced to be kitchen scullion, cook, waiter, and then language teacher to Mr. Brinton and his assistant in translating the four Gospels and Acts into that vernacular.

Best of all, under the united teaching of

the Pipers, the Brintons, and Miss Jensen, he early came to know as a blessed reality for himself the truth of the gospel and its power. He has been a large and wonderful factor in the work at Kapanga for years.

When in 1919 the Pipers, after five years at Kapanga, were leaving for their first furlough, Chimbu accompanied them after the manner of the country in speeding departing friends. At length, after several miles, he halted and said to them, "Now I must turn back, but first I want to thank you with all my heart, for you are the ones who gave me birth into the gospel of Jesus Christ."

As the other evangelists that day gave their experiences, it soon was notable that the Scriptures had been very potent as a factor in their conversions. They named various missionaries and Native Christians who had quoted and expounded different passages of Scripture that had caused their awakening to spiritual things. Several of the younger ones named Chimbu as the one who had then been the chief instrument in leading them to Christ.

At the close of the meeting, I called on Chimbu to pray, and in the prayer he said: "O God, we thank thee for thy Word. We have seen to-day that it is sharper than any knife and stronger than any gun."

That group of young men have the stuff and the devotion of true servants of Jesus Christ. In 1924 Mr. Brastrup promised them an increase of five francs per month on all of their stipends. They needed and richly deserved it. Their pay had ranged from twenty francs for beginners to thirty-five francs or so. That was the equivalent of one to two dollars a month. Clothing was very high in the interior. They grew their food in their gardens. Some supplemented their stipends by selling eggs and fowls and surplus garden produce. I frankly said to them that I did not know how they got along on so little pay.

Labor-recruiters for the mines and other industries frequently visited the district and offered cash wages up to three times as much as they were receiving, with full rations for man, wife, and children, besides sweaters, blankets, and sometimes other clothing that were supplied when the Native agrees to go. But not a man had wavered.

When Mr. Brastrup reported his promise to the finance committee, seeking the additional funds, we could but say to him that there had been a cut of forty per cent in missionary appropriations and this made larger grants impossible; instead retrenchments were necessary. It was only by utilizing funds on hand

that the finance committee had expected to be able to use for replacements of missionaries and for buildings and equipment and ultimately by cutting off some of the missionaries and by other extra efforts that we have been able to avoid further cut on the pastor-teachers.

When Mr. Brastrup returned to Kapanga, he told his men that it was not more money but less that was available, but he had resolved to keep his promise. And the only way to keep that promise was by closing up some of the village stations entirely. The dismissed teachers could find much better paying employment at once and he would divide their small wages among the others.

"No, no," they all cried. "We cannot think of any of the stations being closed that we may get more money. What would the people do without the church and schools for their children? No, we will go on as best we can on the same pay, but none of the work must be stopped."

Moreover, at one of the sessions we held with the men at the time of our visit, these young pastors requested that one of their number be sent down to work among the Aluunda members in the mineral fields five hundred miles away. They said: "Many of our mem-

bers and people are going down there to work. But they are not attending church, for they do not understand the Chiwemba and they are becoming careless and many of them will drift back into sin. We ask also that our tithe go toward paying his salary there." They named their man and he has gone down and the tithe of those small stipends goes toward his support. But as the cost of living in Elisabethville is for Natives many times more than that in the vicinity of Kapanga, we have to raise considerable besides to feed him and his family. But it shows the splendid spirit of self-sacrifice these men have.

In order to develop eventually a self-sustaining and a missionary church we deem that it is necessary to teach the people the principles of stewardship from the start. And it is not at all difficult for the African to comprehend those principles. He has always had to give tribute to both the petty and the paramount chiefs and to give large gifts to the witch doctor whenever he has had need of his services.

So when he experiences for himself the blessings and joys of true spiritual life and then comes to see that God is the Owner as well as the Maker of this world and that all one has and gets is from him, he sees at once

the propriety of paying him tribute. And that is just what it really amounts to—tribute. The native African understands clearly that his chief would not be satisfied with mere words as tribute but insists on having something more substantial.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" still stand, we point out, as God's unrevoked title deeds, and just as the Native had to give tribute for the occupation of land in which to have fields and villages, he sees that it is only right to do the same by this Great Landlord who is the One that has set man up completely in business in the earth, and who himself still carries on, entirely himself, many sides of the business, such as giving the rain, the sun, and the fruitful seasons.

Previous to the coming of the European governments there had been no money in the country and consequently no strict mathematical reckoning. The chiefs have not only had a call on as much as a tenth of a man's resources but as much as they cared to claim, and that has sometimes been more than half. Witchcraft opened a way for the greedy to get all that a man had.

So when our men get their pay in cash, it is easy to explain the tithe that belongs to the Lord. Nothing is forced upon them, but when

they see the matter in its true light, most of them realize the justice of it and are glad to pay their tenth. And the same thing works there that does anywhere, namely that the nine francs go further than ten would. There is a divine working out of this problem that defies all our mathematical calculations. It is a proved fact that whoso pays his tithe to the Lord finds that he has more than he had before.

So we know that we are not in the least causing any impoverishment for the Natives when we set before them the duty of paying their tithe to the Lord: rather we are giving them an opportunity to make a rich investment which will pay an hundredfold. Moreover, we are seeking to establish the church on a sound, firm basis whereon eventually they may carry on their own activities. How far in the future that may be we cannot say. But we seek to place on these new converts all the responsibility they are able to bear.

This young church at Kapanga has in only a little more than a decade since its beginning supplied out of its own life and membership a score or more of virile evangelist-teachers, and also when the calls came in for teachers in outlying districts and there were no funds from outside available for sustaining these

teachers, this devoted group pledged support after support until at last report they were, out of their poverty and with few chances locally to earn money, maintaining eight of their number as pastor-teachers on outstations.

And the young church at Mr. Brinton's station near Sandoa, established not quite five years at the time of writing, is already supporting six such evangelists. Included in its membership, to be sure, are some Christians that moved to the station or neighborhood from Kapanga or elsewhere.

Mr. Brinton and Mr. Brastrup have been obliged to give a negative answer to scores of villages that have earnestly requested teachers, as the supply of even meagerly trained men was exhausted as were also the financial resources. This has been the case with other missionaries also.

Kapanga station afforded a clear illustration that year of the very considerable help and service realized from Natives other than pastor-teachers. For about nine of the twelve months while the Pipers were home on furlough this station had only one resident missionary.

Mr. Brastrup was absent for several weeks going to and from and attending Conference

at Kabongo. Our visit occurred after his return. We found that Miss Jensen's health was in a precarious condition from pernicious malaria, combined with overwork and heavy strain. She was taking thirty grains of quinine daily to keep going at all, and even so had to take to her bed one or two days each week. As she felt that she could not leave her girls' school and the other work, we had almost to force her to leave with us in our car, and when we got to Elisabethville we sent her on down to Capetown, and none too soon, for she was very ill there, and it took her four months to get back enough strength to return and take up the tasks again.

Soon after her return to Kapanga Mr. Brastrup needed to leave for a change and furlough, and again Miss Jensen had on her all the responsibilities of the station and circuit. And she never could have carried on without the splendid help given by the Natives. For example, she had one thousand five hundred cases one month in the hospital including several maternity cases. But she had a capable assistant in the person of Ngoya, a Native young man who had been in the hospital at Elisabethville, and other helpers that Doctor Piper had taught, as well as two or three young women whom she had trained herself.

She had the supervision and responsibility of the hospital, but they were able to care for the details.

She had a boarding school of more than fifty girls, and part of the year she had a great deal of help from the senior girls. Unfortunately for her, several of them married some of our Christian young men, and though they would give good service as pastors' wives, that did not help out in the care of the girls' school.

She had an organized group of forty Bible women whom she instructed every Thursday, and on Sundays these women went forth holding meetings in distant villages, often walking as many as twenty miles in one day.

The congregations in the Kapanga station church range from five hundred to one thousand and during these months Chimbu had almost sole responsibility for preaching and for the pastoral work. He was Miss Jensen's constant adviser and helper in all phases of the work.

Another important form of service being realized is from the local stewards of the churches who are sharing responsibility for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the membership, and there are class leaders and other lay workers, all of whom are doing their bit and doing it well.

As we proceeded to other parts of the district Mr. Brinton still accompanied us to his other circuit around Kafakumba, one hundred miles east of Sandoa. The first teachers had been placed here less than two years before, and now there were ten village stations. Some of these teachers were of the number of those transferred from Kapanga. The progress of the work was unique and phenomenal. Among the first to be converted was a man named Samuhongi, nearly seventy years of age.

When Mr. Brinton baptized him along with eighteen others from this new work, he gave him the name of Abraham, as being truly a patriarch and a pioneer among them.

In telling his experience this veteran said: "When I was a small lad my mother told me that Nzambi, the Great Good Spirit, made the world. But that was all she knew about him. She taught me to make sacrifices to the evil spirits that might bring trouble and sickness upon us, and to make offerings to our ancestors. Then when this teacher came and told me about Nzambi, that he loved us and had sent his Son Jesus to teach us and to die for us, I quickly believed. I then began to ask myself, why had God given me these many years of life. My brothers and sisters are all dead and all the friends of my youth are dead.

I said it must be that Nzambi has some work for me to do. I have much joy in telling the good news to others."

The mature son of the chief of an adjoining village was also an early convert. Practically all, old and young, in these two villages had turned to Christ. Drinking, dancing, and many other bad practices had ceased entirely and the polygamists had put away their plural wives, arranging equitably for them.

Over two hundred came to the central chapel for the afternoon, evening, and next morning services. I do not think I have ever seen a more hearty and enthusiastic group. They fairly swept us off our feet with their tides of spiritual earnestness and eagerness. And this development had come about almost entirely through the Native ministry, as Mr. Brinton had been able to visit this circuit only three or four times.

At Mr. Brinton's request Miss Jensen held a separate meeting for the women and girls. When she mentioned her school some thirty girls began to beg to be allowed to go to Kapanga to attend. It was pitiful that she could promise to take only three at the most, as she was overcrowded already. There ensued a lively scramble and contest to see who should be the fortunate ones.

"The need of a better-trained ministry" is a slogan as applicable to Africa as to America. Good and important as is the work done by the evangelists and other workers produced at Kabongo, Kapanga, Sandoa, and other places, the young children soon catch up to their teachers, who then become more painfully conscious of the need of further schooling, and ere long they come to the missionary pleading for a chance to get more training. In most cases both these men and the missionaries knew that they had been but poorly equipped to take these out-stations, but there was no one else to go.

A Training School was begun at the very first of our Mission and for some years it was located at Kambove, with splendid results. Later it seemed as if there should be some more central place, and finally in 1924, the year that Bishop Shepard held our Conference, the Rev. and Mrs. Smyres and Mr. and Mrs. Smalley were sent to Kanene, a place near Kinda, to establish and carry on such a school.

With the rapidly shifting industrial conditions, with the development of the whole system of rail and motor roads and of the commercial and mining centers, it is not at all certain that this will be the final site for a large Training School. But in the meantime

there have been inexpensive buildings erected and it is carrying on the work of the Fox Bible Training School started on the trail in 1910 and located at Kambove in 1913.

The pupils at Kanene at the time of our visit had come from four main stations and also from several out-stations. When I asked these twenty-nine young men who had been the instruments of their conversion, twelve mentioned seven different missionaries and seventeen named nine Native pastor-teachers.

Already the indigenous Native ministry in this young Mission Conference, numbering approximately one hundred in 1925, was a very considerable factor in the work. One of these men, Nelson Capempe, who had most of his training at Kambove under Mr. Guptill, has been ordained deacon and is a probationer in the Mission Conference. He is at the time of this writing at Old Umtali to get further training than we can give at the present in the Congo.

The usefulness of these Native workers arises from their possession in no small measure of that thing which Chimbu, the leper pastor-teacher at Kapanga, denoted in his brief prayer of only one sentence one afternoon while we were at Kapanga: "O God, give us a passion for Jesus Christ. Amen."

CHAPTER VI

RHODESIA

SO many surprises have come to us all along the way that we frequently say that we are constantly expecting the unexpected. Therefore when, in 1921, we found ourselves again at Old Umtali after an absence of fourteen years, and when, within a week, it was decided by all concerned that we should be transferred on a loan to Rhodesia to help out, since three missionaries were to leave at once on furloughs already overdue, we found it hard to realize that it was not, after all, a dream.

I had been chosen as one of the delegates from the Congo Mission Conference to the South Africa Central Conference which was to meet for its first session at Old Umtali. We had decided to go a week early so as to be present at the session of the Rhodesia Mission Conference which I had joined as a new missionary in 1901 and within the bounds of which we had spent our first term of five and a half years.

For the first time in our experience we cov-

ered the ten miles from Umtali in a motor car. The chauffeur was a Native young man who immediately informed me that he had been one of those naked laddies in King Mtasa's town twelve miles north of Old Umtali when we had spent months there in 1902. He had come to school at Old Umtali and later went south as far as Capetown and had become an adept motor mechanic.

Owing to a blowout of a tire we were a little late in arriving and the session had begun, but we were in time for me to take part in administering the Sacrament to the eighty-five pastor-teachers who filled nearly one half of the church.

Practically all of these young men had been trained right there at Old Umtali. Steadily through those intervening years under the teaching of a succession of devoted missionaries, this school, which is now called the Hartzell Institute, has been turning out a stream of Native young men to respond to the ever-increasing and never-overtaken demand for teachers in the villages.

The Conference was held in the little structure that was originally an Anglican church and which has long since been sorely inadequate for the needs of the Mission. It nestles close to the foot of Hartzell Mountain. I had

been the pastor there for five years, and at first my congregation had consisted mainly of the few missionaries.

On our arrival in 1901 there were no Natives in the school, either boys or girls. Now, twenty years later, over a hundred young men were enrolled there, some of them being pastor-teachers who had been on out-stations for several years and had returned for further training. They had brought their wives and families with them and these were all under regular instruction also.

In the Fairfield Girls' School of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society there were nearly a hundred young women. All of these schools are recognized and subsidized by the Rhodesia government. The course includes not only the usual literary studies with much time given to Bible study but also agricultural and industrial training adapted to the pupils' needs.

Regular inspection is made by the Department of Education and high commendation has been given for the excellent work done both at Old Umtali and at Mutambara.

The village schools, then eighty and now twice that number, taught by these Native pastor-teachers, are also subsidized by the government. In spite of sad lack of proper equipment, the work done is solid and lasting. Both

the government and the Mission are seeking to increase the grade and the efficiency of all the schools.

During the week of that Conference our thoughts went back many times to those early days when we were laboring to get such a program started. Eight of those pastor-teachers now present were among the lads I had received into the school, and some were in that bunch of pickaninnies that I had brought down from Kuguta, the capital of Mtasa, in 1902.

To get the first boarding pupils, I had to use guile by hiring them to work on the Mission farm and then getting them in for an hour a day to the classroom. In that way they got a taste of learning and within a year were willing to work half a day in the fields for their food for the sake of a half day in school.

The enrollment by 1904 had reached seventy-five and we then saw the wisdom of requiring an entrance fee of three pounds, or fifteen dollars, as an evidence of a sincere desire to learn. Moreover, each pupil had to bring another three pounds to pay for the three years' government poll tax. The fee has now been raised to seven pounds sterling and the applicants for admission have always been as many as could be accommodated.

In those early days there had been no primer

or hymn book in the vernacular and no Scriptures, except a very imperfect Gospel of Mark in a neighboring dialect. Mrs. Springer wrote out and translated a number of hymns which were printed, and at Bishop Hartzell's request she prepared the first hand-book and grammar and he had it published, besides translations of some of the books of the Bible.

Other missionaries have done a great deal of translation work since, notably the Rev. E. H. Greeley, but there has never been a time when the output was anywhere near up to the demand.

Just before leaving Old Umtali for my first furlough in November, 1906, I placed the first pastor-teacher trained at Old Umtali, Solomon Nsingo, on an out-station at Chikanga's kraal. Six more young men were ready to be similarly placed, and these were married the next month to young women from the Girls' School. It had taken Mrs. Springer the three and a half years previous to our marriage in January, 1905, to cultivate the girls and to win their confidence. In February following the first girl came to stay, and she was one of the first girls whom Mrs. Springer had tried to get in 1902. We had nine girls in our home when the relieving W. F. M. S. missionary took them over in 1906.

And from that small beginning, hundreds of boys and girls, young men and young women had already passed through the school. A large proportion of the early pupils became pastor-teachers. Forty or more of our pupils had been in the work; eight were still pastors, and one of our early schoolboys was recommended for deacon's orders. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to be able to take part in the ordination of David Mandisodza. Six more have been ordained since then, in October, 1926, and the seven have been received into the Conference as full members.

It was gratifying and heartening to see that splendid group of pastor-teachers. Likewise to find what splendid, devoted lay workers were to be found throughout the Conference area sharing vo'untarily in the work of teaching and in the care of the church. They go out Sundays to evangelize in outlying villages. Such preaching frequently results in an insistent appeal from these villages for a regular school and a permanent teacher. Sometimes this demand can be met by appointing a steward even though he may be but poorly equipped for the work. And within a year or two that steward begins to clamor for release in order that he may go to Old Umtali and get a proper training. This is one of the ways in

which the ranks of the regular evangelists are recruited.

As we later visited the out-stations, the helpfulness of many of the evangelists' wives impressed us. Those who had been trained in the Girls' Schools showed so much more ability than those who had had only day-school instruction. This lack of training is frequently helped considerably when the man goes back for more schooling and his wife has to go to school at the same time while they are there at Old Umtali. Some of these pastors' wives teach music, sewing, etc., but even where they do not take actual school work, their lives and the care that they give their homes and their children are sermons in themselves.

We were greatly impressed by the way the work had spread over such a large area from the small beginning at Old Umtali with only the land and buildings that had been handed over to Bishop Hartzell by Cecil Rhodes. It was a magnificent gift but it was not without its drawbacks. The white men who had been in that mining camp and administrative center in those ten years, had not all been the "best we breed" by a long shot. To the Natives, all white men were "brothers" and it took time for them to learn that there were differences of character among white men and

a variety of reasons why these white men came to their country. There was no Bible in this language and the Natives could not have read it if there had been, so the missionaries had to be the "living epistles known and read of all" through whom came their evangelization.

The little handful of corn at the foot of Hartzell Mountain had multiplied and scattered far and wide. The men trained here at Old Umtali have dispersed widely, and wherever they have settled they have established community centers which have been potential and active factors in transforming the social and spiritual life of the tribe. And on the other five main stations they have been taking more and more responsibility in the teaching and preaching and in medical and industrial work.

Mutambara, fifty miles south of Umtali, was the second large training center to be opened, about 1908, and in 1923 it had ninety young men and some eighty-five girls. Besides these, there were two hundred day pupils that came from the adjoining Native Reserve and from farms of Europeans.

In 1924 the Rev. H. I. James drove us in his Dodge car to Nyadiri, which is one hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of Old Umtali and midway between the Mrewa and Mtoko

stations, and was opened in 1923 jointly by the Board and by the Woman's Society. Dr. Samuel Gurney's last work was the building of a residence and dispensary there, where he had pioneered for over fifteen years. He had built both the Mrewa and Mtoko stations very largely from funds that he got from his extensive practice among the white farmers in that vicinity, and from his services to the government as district medical officer.

In 1905, when Mrs. Springer and I went through to Mrewa and Mtoko in response to an urgent appeal from one of the farmers there, we found the country thickly populated and the people very, very wild. On our return to Old Umtali I told Doctor Gurney about that field and he became quite enthusiastic about going up there. However, he soon discovered that he had a malady that necessitated his return to America for an operation, and so it was fully three years before he did go and then with practically no funds with which to work, and none could be given.

But when the Rhodesia Conference was held there in 1926, two years after the good doctor had gone to his heavenly home, two thousand people gathered from the forty out-stations and from Mrewa and Mtoko. Each group carried a banner bearing the name of the station

and advanced singing such hymns as "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

Another stage of development in the work in Rhodesia is to be found in the fact that some of the work that was formerly done by the missionaries is now done by the Native pastors.

Take the Marange Circuit, for example. In 1904 Mr. Greeley was appointed to open work on the Marange Reserve and built a station on the side of Mount Makomwe, near the chief's town. For over ten years he and others labored there. Following that, the work has been immediately in charge of one of our older Native men.

This circuit was on my district for the two years, 1921-23, that I was in Rhodesia. I was not able to visit it more than twice a year. Before that for years it had not had that much visitation from a white missionary. I had the pastor-teachers come to Mutambara in the alternate quarters.

Anderson Kachiri, who was in charge under me, arranged a series of monthly meetings to be held around at the five different out-stations. The five schools increased to ten and appeals came from many other villages for teachers, for there was a widespread revival. Anderson picked up any Christian man he could find who knew how to read and set him at work

teaching outdoor schools. Soon the people would set to it and build a church and then would come to beg us to send someone there who could teach more, for these laymen soon got to the end of their teaching knowledge.

It was quite a step in advance when David Mandisodza was ordained deacon, in 1921. He was sent to Salisbury to work among the Manikas who had gone there for employment. His district superintendent, the Rev. T. A. O'Farrell, suggested a year later that another man be given that work, and he placed David in charge of a large circuit as a sort of sub-district superintendent. This afforded a wider scope for his talents, gave the Natives a much closer supervision and developed David himself to take larger responsibility. It seems quite certain that in no far distant day David and others like him may be able to assume the main responsibility for entire districts. But we need to go carefully and not push the Native faster than he can measure up to his task.

One of the most astonishing changes to us was the way the Natives in Rhodesia had acquired temporal possessions and had advanced along agricultural lines. From positions of merely unskilled laborers working with pick and shovel, and as porters carrying loads, or,

at best, as servants in homes and stores, we were much surprised to find a large number now established farmers independently. And no small part of the credit for this development is due to the training on the Mission farm at Old Umtali. From the very first the Mission specialized in agricultural training, and the chief credit for the success along that line is due to the Rev. G. A. Roberts.

For instance, on the Marange Reserve I found a man named Joseph who owned a large ox-wagon which cost some $300 second-hand, a span of twelve oxen, several cows, and a span of fourteen donkeys. He needed the latter for transport work for himself and for European farmers, as the cattle were not allowed to leave the Reserve owing to an outbreak of cattle sickness similar to Texas fever.

Joseph himself had not been to Old Umtali but he had been converted under a pastor-teacher who had been, and eventually he had started farming on the Reserve. He had taken a wife according to Native custom and had six children when converted. He soon wished to have a Christian ceremony performed and have his marriage officially recorded. Most of our married converts desire the same. In performing this ceremony we always take

pains to say that these people have actually been married all these years, but that they are accepting now before God and man the sacred and binding nature of that married state and that we are just adding the Christian seal and blessing to the marriage.

At the close of a year of severe drought and famine Joseph came to me and asked me to loan him both wheat and corn seed. I did so, and he paid it back faithfully. That year he raised a ton of wheat and twenty tons of corn. That was better than some of the white farmers in his neighborhood did.

Jakachila Mafunga came thirty miles to Mutambara asking me to send a pastor-teacher to reside at his place. When I went over to look into the matter I could scarcely believe that it was the farm of a Native. He owned a large transport wagon, plows, harrows, a herd of about fifty cattle, a big corn crib, and the yard was overrun with fine Rhode Island Red fowls. He had several large huts equal to those used by many of the Boers.

He was a tailor and dressmaker by trade, one of the many who specialize in making clothes for the Natives, both men and women. When he had earned enough to stock up a farm with cattle and machinery he had left the store and arranged for land to farm near one

of our out-station chapels at Chitora. He was converted and became a steward and a sort of local preacher. When the manager of the estate compelled the Chitora church to be closed, Jakachira and a number of other members moved seven miles away and had services at Jakachira's farm. They were now requesting that we have a pastor-teacher appointed there and I was fortunate in having a man to send to them. They built his house and the church and some thirty children enrolled in the school.

In 1905 we spent a Sunday at the large village of Gandanzara, the first missionaries ever to have reached there, thirty miles from Old Umtali. We have seldom been given such a hearty reception. Three months later two pickaninnies came down to Old Umtali to school and others followed. For years the out-station here has been the strongest one in the Rhodesia Mission. They have now three pastor-teachers to carry on that large and many-sided work in church and school, in agriculture and in industrial training. They have a strong lay membership. In 1923 the members of that church owned no less than forty-two American plows, and each plow will represent several oxen or donkeys. During our first five years at Old Umtali when we made extensive

evangelistic tours in the school vacations, I never knew or heard of a Native in Rhodesia who owned a plow or a wagon or who had an ox trained for work. The women then did practically all the cultivating of the fields. At the clearing of land for fields the men would have a bee and do the first digging—all with Native hoes. After that the women did the major part of the field work. Plenty of beer was served at the clearing-bees.

There is likewise a marked advance in the matter of self-support. Stations like Gandanzara are entirely self-supporting, and more. These Native Christians have been trained to give in proportion as the Lord has prospered them. Joseph gave a cow one year as his contribution to his church, and when she had a calf, that was considered the Lord's too.

When the first village deputation came to ask me for a pastor-teacher more than four years after I arrived at Old Umtali, I stipulated that they must build the church. It took much argument, patience, and perseverance to get them to do it, but it set a precedent that has been followed ever since. To-day when villages are wanting pastor-teachers, they will often, of their own volition, go ahead and build the church and the pastor's house even before such a teacher is promised.

Twenty-five years ago in Rhodesia it was a luxury for even a white man to have a donkey to ride. We had been out nearly two years before we were so provided. Now many Natives own riding donkeys and thousands have bicycles. Trained at Old Umtali to raise fine European vegetables and fowls, many of our pastor-teachers in that way secure enough to buy a donkey or various other things which their meager salaries would not enable them to get.

Thus it will be seen that the African is not the lazy sluggard that he has been pictured. He is keen for opportunities to learn and to forge ahead. He has a deeply religious nature that cries out to be satisfied. He is importuning us to give him spiritual help in the midst of these bewildering changes. He is willing to pay to the extent of his ability and his giving, considering his ability, is large in comparison with the home churches. We have reached a few of the people and we have seen wonderful results. What of the many thousands we have never yet even touched?

CHAPTER VII

THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION

PERSONALLY, I prefer for steady personal use the Saint James version of the Bible. But there is one passage in Moffatt's translation that I particularly like. It is this: "I am proud of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

Great material and temporal changes and also some spiritual ones have taken place in nearly every section of Africa. In many cases these are merely the outward manifestations of a fundamental change that has taken place in individuals and also in communities at large.

As a concrete illustration, let us cite the case of Abraham Kawadza. On a Sunday morning in 1903 as I was going among the villages north of Old Umtali with a band of our schoolboys, holding services, I noticed a path branching off from the main path and I asked the boys where it led, but they did not know.

As I made it a point to seek out even the most obscure villages, I turned into this trail and after a mile came to a little village consisting

of less than a dozen huts. A tall giant of a Native came out and greeted me cordially, which was unusual in those early days.

We sat down and began to sing a hymn, and then I told him the good news, and I noticed that he gave me close attention. When I was ready to go, he said: "When will you come again? I want to hear more."

After that I went as often as I could, and he always plied me with questions that showed increasing interest. Frequently he came down to Old Umtali, a distance of about twelve miles, which he had to walk, and would stay for hours in my study, sometimes talking and sometimes just looking at Bible pictures, for he could not read. He said frankly that he wanted to follow Christ but there were two things that were halting him. One was his appetite for beer which he felt he could not give up. The other was that there were nine girls who were his property living with his mother, and arrangements had been made that they should become his wives as soon as they were of a marriageable age: he did not see his way clear as to what to do with them.

"I cannot turn them loose, Mufundisi," he used to say, earnestly, "for I am responsible for them. And then I have two wives already; what shall I do with one of them?"

He spent the whole of the last day with me before I left on furlough and wept as he bade me good-by. But I told him that he would find my successors just as real friends to him as I had been and we parted. He returned to his little kraal, where his sole possessions besides his women were only a few chickens and a small herd of goats. We crossed the continent and came on to America.

Twenty years later while I was at Mutambara, there came a knock at the door one dark night and as I opened it, I saw Kawadza. I welcomed him heartily in the vernacular and brought him in to sit by the open fire in our sitting room, for he was stiff from the cold, having ridden that day on horseback for forty miles to reach us. He had owned and ridden a horse for years now.

After we had given him food and he was thawed out, as it were, Mrs. Springer took down an old photographic album and began to show him some of the photos taken twenty years before. He put on his spectacles and viewed them with interest.

"Ah, yes, that is Chiobvu: we grew up together. He is dead now. We used to sit and drink beer together many and many a time. Yes, that's Nsebe. Ho, ho! Yes, that's just the way Nsebe used to sit up on that very rock

watching what was going on in the town. I remember it all so well. He's dead long years ago. Chimbadza? Sure! He is Mtasa now but he is still drinking all the time and he will soon be dead. Ho, ho! There's Ufambasiku who was Mtasa! He's dead. Oh, yes, I knew them all. I used to sit and drink with them on that very ledge of rock. They are nearly all dead now of that old crowd and I, too, would have been dead long since, Mufundisi, if you had not come and told me about Jesus."

He turned to me with a deep, rumbling laugh but with moist eyes. "Do you remember, Mufundisi, how I used to beg of you to permit me to drink just a *little* beer? It seemed very hard then when you insisted that I must not drink any. But you were right, Mufundisi, if I drank a *little* I should have drank *much.* And I, too, should have been dead like all the rest."

I had forgotten most of these things that he mentioned. But I knew he was an earnest Christian, and I had sent for him to come down the eighty miles from his home and help do some evangelistic work with me on the Native Reserve. We had nearly four hundred boys and girls in the school, but we seemed to make little impress on the older people. So I had

sent for Abraham Kawadza to come and give the personal testimony of his heart and life, and to preach to them as man to man and as Native to Native. He had been an effective lay preacher for years. And he gave the message straight to those old heathen. "You need not tell me that you cannot give up your beer and your women," he would roar out at them in his great voice. "I lived the same kind of a life you do. And I tell you that God gave me the power to give up these things and he can enable you to do it also." And he said to me several times, "They cannot come back at me, for they know my life and they know that I am telling the truth."

At the same time that I had Kawadza down preaching for me, I also had Daniel Caplan, who had come to Old Umtali to school in 1903 frankly saying that he wanted to study so that he could go out and make more money. He was converted and soon felt called to be a preacher and for years was one of our most evangelistic men.

Then came a slump in the funds of the Board of Foreign Missions and more than half of the Native preachers in Rhodesia had to be dismissed. At that time the work was too young to make any rapid advances in self-support. Daniel's brother-in-law had some cattle

and invited him to go into partnership in farming on a Native Reserve, near the town of Gandanzara, where he has been one of the pillars of that church ever since. He preaches a great deal, but when, years later, the Mission would have liked to have him back in the pastorate, he did not see his way to do it. Owing to that slump, we have lost in him and in several others some of our most valuable pastors.

Both Daniel Caplan and Abraham Kawadza are now well-to-do Native farmers. I was dumfounded when the latter told me that he had paid three thousand dollars for a farm adjoining a Native Reserve. His specialty has been raising pigs for the nearby bacon factory. He is only one of many effective and prosperous lay leaders.

Among the outstanding conversions there is none more notable than that of the Chieftainess Muledzwa, who was a daughter of the old Mtasa Ufambasiku. Though she had never married, she had several children. When we first knew her, she was a dissolute, drunken heathen woman of bad reputation even among her own people.

When her daughter Mukonyerwa came down to enter school, Muledzwa got her brother, Mtasa Chiobvu, to come down with her and

to bring with him about thirty men, some of them with their guns, to demand that we refuse to allow the girl to stay. We declined to drive the girl away and told her that it was for her to decide whether she would go back with her mother or remain. She never wavered and she told her mother that she would never go back to the life there in the kraal. It was a battle of wills for three days, but the girl won out and stayed, eventually married one of the first pastor-teachers, and they went back to her mother's kraal at the latter's earnest request to open a school and do church work.

Later on we had another battle with Muledzwa, when one of her slaves, who chanced also to be her own niece, came down to the school. By this time she was not only resigned but proud of the fact that her daughter was there, but she was furious that the slave had come. We mollified her again and that girl stayed as well.

About 1918 this same notorious and powerful Chieftainess Muledzwa turned from her life of sin and became a new creature in Christ Jesus and has lived a clean life ever since. Even her countenance is changed so that she looks years younger than she did twenty years ago.

Many other cases could be cited. In 1923 it

was arranged to have a Native Assembly Day in connection with the Conference session held at Old Umtali. Owing to the fact that the date of the Conference was advanced a week at the last moment, only the nearby stations could be represented. Even so, 1,500 were in the line of march and assembled on the lawn in front of the old dilapidated school building in which we began the work with the seven grandsons of old Mtasa among the pupils. It is a pleasure to record that this is soon to be replaced by a creditable building as a memorial to Bishop Hartzell.

I cannot describe my emotions as with others I assisted Bishop Johnson to administer the holy sacrament to the more than one hundred pastor-teachers and to over eight hundred of the laity. And then when Bishop Johnson preached and gave the invitation, scores came forward to an improvised penitents' bench, seeking pardon.

At the close of the meeting a long line of many men and women came to me and asked if I remembered them, and among these was one of the first small boys that had come to school from Gandanzara. Well do I remember when he had played hookey and tried to get a nap under a tree out of sight, but in his haste to escape the eye of our foreman, who

was directing the boys in setting out a grove of trees, he ran into a wasp's nest and his face was stung till it resembled nothing human. Everyone shrieked with laughter at the sight of him, the worst punishment of all. He has been for years one of the leading members and a steward in the Gandanzara church, a fine-looking, well-dressed man now about thirty-five years of age. We laughed heartily together over the wasp episode.

Then there was the "Imp," who had been one of the dirty, evil-speaking little girls in Mtasa's capital, now a splendid Christian woman and an able pastor's wife.

Our Native church members are being trained as tithers. Were it not for the frequent droughts of the last twenty years and the ensuing famines, many more of our Native churches in Rhodesia would have been nearly if not quite self-supporting.

But in spite of these lean years the Natives have grown in generosity. During the two Christmases that we were at Mutambara, at the instance of Miss Marjorie Fuller, we had a "White-Gifts-for-the-King" service and the pupils made heroic efforts to bring their "gifts." The smallest of them had to work days at hard hoeing to get a white "tickie," worth six cents, but they did it, and on both occasions the Na-

tives alone gave over thirty-five dollars. It meant an effort and a sacrifice that would be hard to match.

But there was an even greater sacrifice made by a woman from the Native Reserve, where the hunger bordered on starvation, who brought six ears of nice juicy new corn. And a little boy, one of the day pupils from over there, who wore only a small loin cloth and the ribs of whose skinny little body could be easily counted, brought three white eggs as his offering. They were not very newly laid, but then the Natives do not understand why the white people like them so fresh and tasteless.

Mutambara mission station was, to our minds, an almost ideal missionary situation. With no European town within fifty miles, it was the chief influence in that whole countryside. Its nearly two hundred boarding pupils, boys and girls, large and small, all attended school half a day and worked half a day in the fields to raise their food, and constituted a responsive group for intensive work. Nearly every pupil became a follower of Christ within a short time after entering the school.

Led by Miss Lulu Tubbs, who had been one of the first two Woman's Foreign Missionary Society missionaries in establishing the Girls'

School, there had been formed a Student Volunteer Band of both sexes, organized to go out in groups to villages from five to thirty miles away to preach and evangelize on Sundays. And every year some of the older pupils went from here to Old Umtali for further training, and to prepare for further work.

It was a great advantage to be so close to the Native Reserve from which some two hundred day pupils came. The afternoon school for the younger pupils afforded good Normal training for a force of the older boarding students who attended the morning school. From these day pupils there was a steady number of the brightest and best applying to be received as boarders for the more thorough training thus afforded. Most of the boarding students come from long distances of from sixty to one hundred miles.

From a material standpoint, Mutambara was the most comfortable station we had ever had in Africa. We fell heir to Brother Roberts' splendid irrigated garden which yielded an abundant supply of vegetables and fruit the year round. We also had milk from his herd of cattle, all that we could use.

In taking up the work at Mutambara, for the first time since we left Old Umtali fourteen years previously, we walked into a house al-

ready built and furnished. The church building was large, and when we got it finished, fairly comfortable and attractive. The large school building of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was ample for the coeducational school that was carried on there unitedly most satisfactorily.

People often stress the hardships and self-denials of the missionaries. But, after all, the pleasures and privileges of the missionaries far outweigh their hardships. Think of the transformations we have seen in Rhodesia! In 1901 not a single Christian in our territory; in 1926 nearly two hundred native pastor-teachers, hundreds of lay workers and over six thousand members and probationers, besides other thousands of adherents.

Think, then, of the younger work in the Congo with already over one hundred evangelists and assistants, and the many lay workers there, and the three thousand to four thousand members and probationers and a large constituency besides.

What has brought all this about? Mere men with only a human program could never have produced this result. They never have. These transformations have come about by the releasing of God's power through his servants. At first these were the missionaries only, but

ere long the first fruits were gathered, and ever since there has been a steadily increasing number of Native workers and of members who have likewise become the accepted and chosen mediums of God's message and power.

So the missionaries are more than satisfied with the investment of their lives—their all. And those who support them by their moneys and prayers at home are making investments which are paying the very largest dividends.

CHAPTER VIII

KATANGA COPPER

"GOD made this country to produce copper," said Mr. Watson to us on our initial trip to the Katanga Province of the Belgian Congo in 1907. He was the manager of Robert Williams' prospecting company, the Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd., with his headquarters at Kambove.

"That is the beginning of the stream that is to completely revolutionize Central Africa," said Mr. Robt. Williams himself to a group of us at the Lubumbashi smelting plant near Elisabethville in 1911, as the blast furnaces began to pour forth their glowing stream of molten copper.

His forecast is already well advanced toward realization. Steam transportation is now available to twelve ports on three coasts, east, south and west, and two additional railroads are being constructed rapidly to afford more direct communication with the West Coast, shortening the distance to Europe and America.

Motor roads radiate in all directions from

the mineral field, totaling thousands of miles and extending rapidly. The further initiation and development of commercial, industrial, and mining activities throughout the province are going forward by leaps and bounds.

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, in his masterly report in 1923, on "Education in Africa," describes the Katanga and especially its capital thus: "Elisabethville is itself a city of considerable size, the political capital of the richest area in Central Africa and an industrial center of great significance. The smelting works employ five thousand Natives, who live in compounds provided by the company. Through the combined interest of the government and mining company, these camps are maintained according to sound principles. In addition to the mining compounds, considerable groups of people are in the Native town "locations," which include the employees of the railroad and commercial concerns; detention camps at which Natives are kept when they first arrive or are leaving, if for any reason they are not in good health; a military camp of five hundred soldiers; a brick manufacturer's compound of six hundred Natives. It is evident that the coming and going of these many Natives furnish an opportunity for a great service in their behalf. . . . The influences exerted

on the Natives brought to these centers will be carried back to almost every part of Central Africa."

Doctor Jones prefaced this paragraph with this opening sentence, which we will quote in caps: "THE POSSIBILITIES OF MISSION WORK IN AND IMMEDIATELY ABOUT ELISABETHVILLE SURPASS THOSE IN ANY OTHER PART OF CENTRAL AFRICA."

Livingstone put these mineral fields on the map in 1855. It was his practice to make constant inquiries of the Natives as he met them on the trail or as he sat with them around the campfire at night, concerning the country on both sides of his path. Thus on his great journey in which he crossed Africa from Loanda on the West Coast, discovering the Victoria Falls on his way and following the Zambesi River to its mouth on the East Coast—it was on this trip that he learned of the deposits of copper malachite in the country of a chief named Katanga. And he very accurately located "Reported malachite mines" on the map showing his travels.

Later in his travels in the lake region to the east of these mines he met caravans of Native slaves loaded with copper. Arabs and others were in the habit of recruiting Native soldiers

near the East Coast, and arming them with guns and ammunition. Then they would proceed to the interior near the mines, capture as many workmen as they wished, smelt the copper, load it onto these captured slaves and then march them a thousand miles to the coast, where they would sell both the copper and the slaves.

Livingstone's interest in these mines continued, evidently, through the nearly twenty remaining years of his life, and it was with his face set to visit them at last that in 1873 he was rounding Lake Bangweulu and was turning northward. Just two hundred and fifty miles more would have brought him to the hills of beautiful green malachite, but for him it was to be the "never, never country." The worn-out body was found by his attendants on his knees by his rude pole couch in the grass shack at Chitamba's village where his last illness had halted him.

His very life's endeavor had been a voicing of the prayer found in his writings: "May the blessing of God come upon anyone, British, American, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

And it was another Scotsman, Mr. Robert Williams, who was fired in his youth with the account of Livingstone's travels and labors.

He read in Livingstone's books of these reputed malachite mines. He became associated with Rhodes in great mining and railway interests in South Africa and shared with that great statesman the colossal purpose to extend the railroad and develop the great resources of the mines and countries to the north.

To that end, Mr. Williams organized the Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd., which in the closing year of the last century sent two different parties a thousand miles beyond the railroad to explore and prospect for copper. The find is proving to be rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Copper ores are the principal mineral deposit, and approximately two hundred outcrops have been located along the heavily mineralized belt which extends over a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The present known and proved deposits of copper are calculated to yield at least forty million tons of pure copper, which at present current rates represents a value of over eleven billion dollars.

There are also extensive ranges of iron and lime (both needed to flux copper ores in smelting), of coal, cobalt, lead, zinc, gold, silver, uranium (radium), diamonds, etc. New de-

posits of the different ores are constantly being discovered. It has been frequently asserted that the Katanga mineral field is the richest one known in the whole world to-day, not only in quantity, but also in variety.

The output of copper in 1925 was just a little short of a hundred thousand tons. By 1930, when the enormous new plants are in operation, it is expected that the output will be two hundred thousand tons per year, which will make that field the largest single producer in the world.

From the large uranium mine very recently discovered, there was furnished, in 1925, 80 per cent of the radium product of the world, though this only amounted to twenty-two grams. On the discovery of these radium-producing deposits the price of radium dropped one half. Mme. Curie visited these mines personally.

It is this great magnet of mineral wealth that has drawn steam transportation from three oceans and linked them into continuous lines of communication. The Cape-to-Cairo railroad from the south reached the mines in 1910 and Bukama on the Lualaba, which is the Upper Congo, in 1918. From there it became at the same time linked up with Boma on the West Coast and Dar es Salaam on the

East Coast by river and lake boats and connecting railroad lines.

Of the other two new railroads that are now under construction, one crosses the Lualaba at Bukama and proceeds northwest in a direct line toward Boma. The other, the Benguella Railroad, is proceeding from Lobito Bay on the West Coast and is already completed for some six hundred miles of the eight hundred to the Belgian border. From there the construction will continue rapidly over the remaining three hundred miles to connect it up with the mines and the Cape-to-Cairo. When this last road is completed, Lobito Bay will become the principal port of entry and of export for the mineral fields of the Katanga.

The company in control of this rich mineral field is the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. The stock is held by corporations and individuals in Belgium, England, and other countries.

Since the Cape-to-Cairo reached Elisabethville in 1910, the country has developed rapidly. This was greatly accelerated during the Great War by the great demand for and the high price of copper, and there has been no serious slump since. Of the five thousand Europeans, more than one half are Belgians and the

number of those who are making the Katanga their permanent home is steadily increasing.

There are more than three thousand Europeans in Elisabethville alone. This is a beautiful town, carefully laid out and built up under strict government supervision. The elevation is four thousand five hundred feet above sea level and the climate is salubrious. The thermometer rarely reaches 90 degrees in the shade and seldom falls below 50 degrees, though in the low swampy vleis there is often frost, and we have had ice on the water in the basins in the morning.

The workmen on the mines are for the most part Natives; these are supervised by Europeans. The Native population immediately surrounding the mines is sparse, largely as a result of the slave trade carried on from both coasts till within a few years ago. Hence it is necessary to recruit Native labor now from ocean to ocean and for hundreds of miles north and south. Even so it is impossible to supply the demand. Very few of these Natives have as yet become permanent residents and so there is each year a constant procession of from forty thousand to sixty thousand Natives, men, women, and children, coming and going.

The Europeans in the country may be

classed as good, bad, and indifferent. With the arrival of the railroad and during the years of construction, the number as well as the proportion of those belonging to the second category was large. It was a frontier, pioneer situation.

Drinking, gambling, profanity, immorality on the part of the white men was the example they set before the Natives. Concubinage with Native women was all too near being a general practice of these representatives of a "superior" civilization. The white man was there to make money, to make all he could and as fast as he could. All the ugly features of a coldly selfish, greedy, inconsiderate materialism pressed upon the Natives with a bewildering impact.

During the seven years subsequent to the founding of Elisabethville, in 1910, there was no evangelical minister or missionary resident there. Within that time, the European population had grown to over one thousand two hundred and the Native population to fifteen thousand. Single men were preferred by practically all employers of Europeans and in very few cases did the married white men bring their wives with them.

Gradually a change of policy is coming about, and the men who come out on contract

to work for the government, the mines or the commercial institutions are bringing their wives and sometimes their families with them. This should be further encouraged.

Much confusion seems to exist as to the former status, the relation and control of what is now known as the Belgian Congo. Leopold II asked to have this vast and rich basin of the Congo turned over to him. This was agreed to by the nations of Europe and by America. He called it L'Etat Independent du Kongo, but it was incorrectly known in English as the Congo Free State.

And independent it was, indeed, from any other source of control. It was in reality a private estate of Leopold II separate from Belgian control. Whatever was done in the years between 1885 and 1910 was not "Belgian" in any strict sense of the word. The responsibility for that period rested on Leopold II and with those whom he associated with him. Men of several European nationalities were his associates and employees.

Under the will of King Leopold II, the Belgian nation inherited this private estate. Immediately the Belgian Parliament changed its status to that of a colony. Its policy was reversed and changed overnight, as it were, and a change of practice and of administration

followed as rapidly as possible. Ever since there has been evidenced a very determined and sincere purpose on the part of the Belgian Parliament, Government and Colonial Office to administer this colony in furtherance of the best interests of all concerned, both Natives and Europeans. So considerate and progressive has been the policy of Belgium in this colony that the League of Nations has found but little to suggest by way of improvement.

Belgium has not hesitated to mortgage herself heavily to carry out this policy. It is a stupendous task. The area of the Belgian Congo is eighty-five times that of Belgium itself. On taking over the colony the Belgians found the revenues to be small and altogether inadequate for the demands of the budget.

Although the revenues are now greatly enlarged and steadily increasing, they are still far from equaling the mounting costs of administering this rapidly developing colony. In spite of this, Belgium still pursues her policy of studying the needs of her colonial domain and of its people and of advancing the interests of both.

Fortunately, King Albert has given the Belgians efficient leadership in their colonial policy. When he was prince, in 1909, then heir apparent, he made an extensive tour through

the colony and South Africa studying governmental policies and colonial administrations at first hand and from every angle. In his characteristic direct and democratic way he sought information and suggestions from any and all whom he met, both in the Congo and in Rhodesia and South Africa.

This first-hand information has enabled him to have a convincing voice in counsel and in legislation and a determining influence in administration.

His consort, Queen Elisabeth, for whom the capital of the Katanga Province was named, has been active and influential in numerous movements which are working for the uplift and betterment of the Native women and children.

The present heir apparent, Prince Leopold, like his royal parents, has a deep interest in the colony and in all of its people, its interests and its problems. In 1925 he toured extensively through the colony, devoting months to a careful study of conditions and he has associated himself actively with movements for the progress of the colony.

There is every indication that the desire of the government is for the betterment and welfare of the Native. And when there is a failure along some particular line or by some in-

dividual government official, we need to remember that no nation has reached a state of administrative perfection. As a Mission, we have found most of the officials of the Belgian government exceedingly courteous and desirous of assisting and furthering us in our work to the extent of their ability.

The government has established some schools for both Natives and Europeans and is supporting them generously. But although supported by the state, they are all in the charge of Roman Catholic nuns, priests, and frères and are in reality Roman Catholic missions rather than state schools.

Likewise their government hospitals are supervised by nuns as nurses. When a school was opened in Elisabethville to train Native medical assistants Doctor Piper was urged to send down four of the young men he had already in training, the argument being that they would have better opportunities in connection with a large, thoroughly equipped hospital than at Kapanga. But once down there, they had so much pressure brought to bear on them in connection with their work in the hospitals to become Roman Catholics, that only one was able to hold out. So naturally in the training of medical helpers for our own mission work we cannot take advantage of this

school, which does have some very fine points about it.

And wherever representatives of the government have gone into the village schools and practically insisted on taking some of our brightest pupils to attend the industrial schools in Elisabethville the boys have been refused the privilege of attending services at our church or of coming in contact with our missionaries, with the result that after some years of exclusive and rigorous Roman Catholic environment, they have eventually joined that church. Several of the government officials have spoken of this with sincere regret but are unable to change the situation.

The railroad has opened trade schools in connection with their large shops in which to train Natives for all sorts of work, such as engineers, firemen, telegraphers, telephonists, machinists, etc. There is no color bar, industrially, in the Katanga. Practically every locomotive in the Katanga is run by Natives. Hundreds of well-educated Natives from the Presbyterian and Congregational Missions of British territory are in responsible positions as capitas, clerks, typists, etc., doing much of the work that was formerly done by Europeans.

It is interesting to note one instance in

change of personnel. A certain machine shop was originally manned largely by Americans and British with a few Belgians. The Anglo-Saxons, as their contracts expired, were gradually replaced by Belgians, and also gradually Natives were introduced as helpers. Now there is a fine, large shop established at Panda where the Union Minière have a school to train Natives to handle the machines and tools and to do skilled mechanical labor. It does not take much of a prophet to foresee that in a very short while the Natives will constitute the larger number of machinists in that shop.

Yet one must not suppose that all of these material advantages of so-called civilization are enough in themselves. Far from it. These material advancements unbalanced with true spiritual and moral development will bring greater ruin in the end. One has only to go about the streets and see the hard-faced concubines of white men to realize that disaster impends upon both races from this ungodly contact. The government is waking up to one disastrous phase of it already, and that is the falling birth rate. These prostitute flappers do not want and will not bear children. Many of the wives of Natives share the same unwillingness to assume the responsibilities of rearing children.

On a large tin mine last year, the man in charge of the Native personnel told me that of six hundred women registered with him as wives of Native workmen on that mine there were, in the preceding year, only ten babies born. Many of these women become diseased, and the infection spreads to the European victims who capitulate to their lust, and this will mean the sure deterioration of all concerned unless it can somehow be taken in hand and checked.

The meeting of advanced and of backward peoples and their close association with each other in working and in living conditions, places both in great spiritual, moral, and physical peril. But, on the other hand, rightly maintained, they may constitute a very great opportunity for the betterment of both.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT MAGNET

"AND I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

At Elisabethville in 1917, when we broke ground for the Mission building, we had prayer in eight different Native languages. I have repeatedly inquired as to the different tribes represented in my congregations on the mineral fields and have found that in groups of from sixty to two hundred persons there have usually been present Natives from sixten to twenty-five different tribes.

These mineral fields are a modern Babel. Fully fifty, if not more nearly one hundred, of the eight hundred tribal divisions of Negro Africa are represented in this polyglot population, now totaling throughout the mineral fields sixty thousand or more, including women and children.

Fully half of the workmen among these Natives are what we term "volunteers"; that is, they leave their villages on their own initiative and go to the mines and towns seeking work. They offer their services to masters or companies of their own choice. They must,

however, be registered with the government, which has good regulations to protect them in their relations with Europeans.

The other half are obtained through various recruiting agencies which are carefully supervised by the government. The largest recruiter is *Le Boise du Travail du Katanga,* commonly spoken of as the B. T. K. for short. These and private individuals, all operating under government licenses, go far afield in the colony recruiting laborers for the mines, railroads, and other large industrial concerns. The period of contract between these agencies and the natives is between six months and two years.

The Robert Williams Company also recruits Native labor for the mines but in northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and the Portuguese colonies, east and west. Usually this is for terms of twelve months. This one company has sought to keep a force of ten thousand workmen steadily on the mineral fields in mining operations.

Thus it will be seen at once that the sixty thousand do not constitute a fixed group of the same individuals, but, rather, an ever-moving, ever-changing procession. They come from all Central Africa, from practically every tribe between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans

and from hundreds of miles north and south of the mineral fields. And there are a few individuals from as far south as Capetown, from as far north as the Sudan, and from Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the Gold Coast of West Africa. Yet with all these efforts, the labor supply is very inadequate. At least ten thousand more were desired than were available this last year.

Consider for a moment the social, tribal, and industrial revolutions that the above facts imply. Up to 1910 or 1913 what little money the Natives needed for taxes or for their scanty clothing was obtained by making rubber or dealing in slaves. Suspicious and timid as the people were, we found it almost impossible to get porters to go any distance greater than a day's journey from their own villages.

Native rubber has been practically worked out. Those remote villages hidden in the dense forests have been invaded by labor recruiters coming swiftly in motor cars. Native chiefs are subject to no small pressure to contribute to the omnivorous demand for labor. And after they have sent most of their young men off to work on the mines, the old men, women, and even little children are called out on occasion to make more motor roads for the opening up of the country to commerce.

On reaching the mineral fields, or even at a station along the way, the Native is given a thorough physical examination and undergoes processes of vaccination and inoculation and what not. He is then rented out in batches with others to employers, by whom he must be were cared for and well fed. But though he has never before had so much wholesome food nor been so comfortably housed, not infrequently the change of climate and home-sickness and the unaccustomed labor prove too much for him.

The majority, however, weather this transplanting, and at the expiration of their terms they are paid and rationed and sent by rail to the nearest point to their own villages.

The effect of the new day on tribal life is radical. The young men who have worked on the mines no longer show respect for their chiefs nor for the customs of their tribes. They have not only become sophisticated by contact with the outside world, but many of them have acquired vicious habits and pernicious diseases.

But a very large number do not return at all, even though they have left wives and children behind them. One chief complained to me that his young men did not come back to him.

"They are free to come back, are they not?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, sadly, "but they see so many things that they want to buy."

The large number of stores in the towns are expert in displaying many tempting wares.

Hundreds of Natives arrive and depart daily by train and on foot from all directions. The Robert Williams Company office is just a block below the Manse in Elisabethville, and we missionaries daily see lines of men arriving from the interior with the scantiest clothing and usually a blanket given by the labor recruiter, while another crowd wends its way to the railroad station or starts directly for the trails, each man carrying a well-filled tin trunk carefully wrapped in a gunny sack and tied all about with pots and pans, plates, cups, bottles, tin cans, etc., on their way to their far-distant villages. In our travels we have seen these men as they tramped for many weary days with only a bit of calico or an old sack on for clothes and then when within two or three miles from home open up the trunks and array themselves in fine clothes they had bought with their wages. To their friends when they arrive in the villages they make the impression of being multimillionaires.

There is a systematic effort on the part of

the government and of the commercial enterprises to increase the permanent Native population in and around these large centers. To this end, men are encouraged to bring their wives and children with them, and these are given free rations along with the men. Also for such families separate compounds or wards with two-roomed huts and a kitchen are being made and opportunity given for some gardening.

But not all of the women who come to the mines are married or come with their husbands. Many little girls and young women join these groups and come down to see "life," as we say. They hear the marvelous stories of the great metropolis beside which their own village life is drab in the extreme. So down they come, and the vast majority travel a truly broad road which leads to destruction. They soon exchange their dirty rags or crude monkey-skin garments for the gay attire of the city, bought by the oldest of nefarious trades. The best-looking ones are apt to become concubines of white men and later resort to common prostitution. And this seems doubly true of these tempted Native girls of Central Africa with such a lack of opportunities to earn honestly and legitimately these glittering prizes of a material civilization which con-

front and lure them from every side. And the shame of it is that the greatest temptations to degradation come from those of a race who are supposed to be a Christianized, civilized, and superior people.

So each year sees an increasing number of Natives industrialized, practically cutting themselves off from their far-away villages and tribes and seldom, if ever, visiting them again. When the government marked out garden plots on the fertile banks of the small streams they were promptly applied for and secured by Natives who had become tired of changing from one employer to another. The Native is essentially an agriculturist and here he could have his own little domain and be quite independent. Many of these Native farmers are comparatively well-educated men and we have some strong classes and congregations among them. The government is giving encouragement in every possible way to these truck gardeners who supply the cities with the fresh vegetables so necessary for the health of the European community.

No wayfaring man, though a fool, can fail to see the need that these multitudes of bewildered Natives, who are emerging from primitive savagery into the blaze of twentieth-century industrialism with one jump, have of

sincere and disinterested friends and of sympathetic leadership. And more than that, as they meet the new temptations and so many are sucked down and wallow in the floods of new sins and wickednesses such as they have never known before even in the worst of the heathen kraals, they need the salvation which is to be found only in Christ Jesus.

Our Mission had no property at Elisabethville when we arrived there in 1917. We found it impossible to rent a house in which to live, as the demand for buildings outran the supply. Fortunately, we were able to buy two buildings of corrugated iron which sheltered us for the time and later gave us roofing and other materials. The government granted the Mission two lots for a church and school and a lot on which to build a parsonage. These are strategically and centrally located for Native work.

In 1926 the government made us another grant of a large piece of land of three acres across the street from the school and parsonage for a new church that would meet our present needs. The church school now in use was erected by Mr. Guptill, who laid bricks with his own hands. He has done far more than that in building that spiritual body which constitutes the true church. He puts his very

life into the Native congregation, in connection with which there were in 1926 some two thousand five hundred names on the church books, members, probationers, and hearers.

Every inch of space in this building has been used to its utmost capacity ever since its completion and is a veritable beehive of religious activity.

The church has been organized with the purpose of creating an active evangelistic body of men and women. The sixteen class leaders, for instance, besides caring for the members assigned them, hold meetings in the Native location and in compounds, in many of which we missionaries are not permitted to hold services. Our members have done an enormous business as colporteurs, selling Bibles and hymn books in hundreds of camps. Tens of thousands of Natives have bought primers of these colporteurs and learned to read. Many eventually were led to Christ by these means. Some of these are in such isolated places that they are never able to come to our church, and we only hear of them years after in some indirect way. It matters not so long as we can sow the seed of the Word and souls are saved.

Sunday school is held in the forenoon, and it is impossible to get all the people inside the church and about half have to meet outside,

weather permitting. In the afternoon service the church is jammed to the doors and only those who come early can get inside. Ours is the only evangelical church in the city and the personnel of the congregation is constantly changing, not only because the men are shifted about with their work, but also weekly many are leaving for their distant homes. Some of these return again after a year or two and settle permanently.

Following the afternoon service the members form into groups and go out to hold open-air meetings. Some years ago our attention was drawn to the open-air Sunday dances held on vacant lots by the Natives who were merely following the lead of many of the Europeans by whom Sunday is mainly spent in sports.

Taking a group of Native Christians along we found hundreds of Natives dancing in several groups to the beat of drums. We marched about among them singing. Almost immediately we were surrounded by a crowd to whom we would have our men speak, giving direct, snappy talks and personal testimonies. Several languages were employed. As they heard the message each in his mother tongue, scores crowded around to hear more. Some had never heard of our Mission before, and many were soundly converted through these meet-

ings. We use our Native Christians largely with these groups, for, after all, their "I know in whom I have believed" is the strongest sermon that can be preached.

Our Mission force in Elisabethville has always been small. We have seldom had more than two families there at one time, and for as much as two years Mr. Everett has been there all alone. The Guptills have been there alone, and so were the Shields for more than two years.

It is but little short of a miracle that so much has been done, but we all feel very keenly that we have so far touched only the edges of the smallest fraction of our opportunities. There is a limit of both time and strength that any man can put into any work. Four couples are the least that should be stationed here.

At the present writing, Mr. Smyres, who was my right-hand man in those early days in Elisabethville, and Mr. Everett are doing their best to carry on the work.

There are many other mining centers besides Elisabethville, but second to it in size is the large ore-treating town of Likasi-Panda. Owing to the shortage of missionaries, I took over the care of this station for eighteen months in 1924-1925, during which time I received 800 persons on probation and by transfer.

At Panda, which is just a mile from Likasi, there are immense concentration, flotation and electrolysis plants that require the services of hundreds of Europeans and thousands of Natives. Yet with all the opportunities this place affords, with scores of mining camps and wood camps in the vicinity and a large circuit of out-stations, we have only one missionary family, Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Shields. In the six months after he took the station over, Mr. Shields received 500 additional persons on probation and he reported recently that he had had 267 conversions in one month.

And the work of our missionaries should not be and is not limited to the Natives alone. True in Elisabethville there are a big cathedral for Roman Catholics and a synagogue for the Hebrews. Once in one or two years a Dutch Reformed minister pays a visit, and once a quarter or so an Anglican priest comes. But the fact remains that it is up to our Mission to shepherd the greater number of evangelicals and other non-Catholics and to hold services for them and their children, both in English and in French, and to seek after the many who are unchurched.

Aside from the consideration of their own personal needs, these Europeans are a very important group to reach because of their in-

fluence on the Natives. Would that we could do more and reach further! There are thousands of Native boys and girls in the aggregate who are growing up under the unfavorable conditions of this hectic, unnatural life in these mining towns. We could have hundreds of these at once if we had a boarding school somewhere along the mineral fields.

Within the wide range of outlying territory of Central Africa, from which come the Native workmen engaged in all the various ways on the mineral fields, are missions of several denominations—Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, Pentecostal, Plymouth Brethren, Presbyterians, and others, from Europe and America. But none of these named have stations within fifty miles of the mines.

With these we are in most friendly relations of comity. In practically all of these various missions and in ours is an essential identity of message and of method. So in loyalty to a common Lord, and in recognition of the oneness of the faith and of this task we receive their members, and they ours in the never-ceasing flow of the virile young life of scores of tribes into this bustling, strategic industrial center, and then out again to every village and tribe of the mid-continent.

And not only with these kindred evangelical, as well as with all other religious societies do we seek to co-operate, but also with every other worthy and recognized group and agency, political, industrial, commercial, and philanthropic, that is seeking in right and constructive ways to promote the development of the resources of the country, the safe and orderly life of community, and the temporal, moral, educational and spiritual development of the various groups of people within the country.

The mineral wealth of the Katanga has been the great magnet that has drawn, as we have seen, five thousand or more Europeans from the ends of the earth, railroads from three oceans, and capital amounting to an investment of about forty millions of dollars from all over the world.

This magnet is also constantly drawing tens of thousands of Natives from all parts of the Congo basin, from the valleys of the Zambesi, and from nearly every other part of that vast continent.

But there is another Great Magnet that was once lifted up and always has and always will draw human beings. The Master of men, Jesus Christ, was lifted up as a sacrifice, and it only remains for us to turn men's eyes to

him. This is a very difficult task in this sordid, materialistic age and particularly in that pioneer mining country. Nevertheless, we have seen his drawing power.

We have rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see that thousands of these Natives have lifted up their eyes to Him and that He has become to them the power of God unto salvation. But we must not think of the task as finished. In fact, the task is only well begun. We must ever remember the on-coming, never-ceasing stream of human beings that are being drawn to these mines who, if they knew how to voice the inarticulate longing of their frightened souls, would say with those Greeks of old, "SIR, WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

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